The Nation.

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The Week.

The first Democratic campaign tract, comprising 386 pages of edifying literature from the *Congressional Record*, lies before us. Bound in a superb green cover—suggestive, doubtless, of the verdant innocence with which it is undertaking to win the Presidency with W. J. Bryan—it sets forth Republican sins of omission and commission. Here is Mr. Bryan's famous speech, entitled "Thou Shalt Not Steal," Judge Parker's vindication from the columns of the New York *Sun*, eight pages devoted to labor, and then the speech of Congressman Henry of Texas showing just why the power of Federal judges should be curbed. The Honorable William Sulzer is heard in behalf of our downtrodden merchant marine, and there is a whole chapter on the election of United States Senators by vote of the people. To the question of the tariff and the Trusts are given a substantial seventy-eight pages, and nearly as much space is awarded to a consideration of our financial and industrial conditions. This subject of bad times is naturally the one of which we are likely to hear the most in the coming campaign. Republican extravagance, too, is to be one of the important points to be assaulted. It is the very first subject touched upon in the book, which is not without some skill in arrangement. But if there were a dozen such volumes, in all the colors of the rainbow, it would still be plain that this campaign is once more to turn largely upon personalities rather than principles.

Senator Foraker's conscience allows him to recommend Mr. Taft as heartily as the merchant recommended the young man who was able, energetic, enterprising, and only suffered from a tendency to break open the safe and run away with the contents. "He is known," says Senator Foraker, "as exceptionally agreeable, so far as his personality is concerned." That is, Mr. Taft is a nice, stout man, who means well. But—"the only objection I have to him is that he seems to believe that the country needs more of the so-called Roosevelt policies." Oh, what a but is there, my countrymen! "I have just shown you that Roosevelt policies have brought on panic, and within eleven months turned Cincinnati from a city with 20,000 skilled laborers less than she needed into a city with 22,000 unemployed. I have no need to remind you that if Taft spells anything to the country, it is Rooseveltism. That made him; that, so far as any declarations have come from Mr. Taft, keeps him. You will, therefore, understand with how warm-throbbing a heart, with what a flashing eye, with what a blazing enthusiasm, I announce my belief in Mr. Taft's eminent fitness for the Presidency, if once we overlook the fact that he stands unequivocally for a continuation of that Roosevelt régime which has brought the country to the verge of ruin." Decidedly, Senator Foraker is burying the hatchet; and to every reader who will enclose postage for reply, we will name, in confidence, the owner of the broad, solid back in which the Foraker hatchet is being buried.

Secretary Cortelyou's denial that there is, strictly speaking, any Treasury deficit at all, does not seem to be hailed with any great enthusiasm even by his own party. Republicans no doubt feel that a deficit of $60,000,000, with one of $150,000,000 impending in the next fiscal year, is an awkward thing to explain; but they are not quite ready to deny its very existence. One reason is that they have longer political memories than Mr. Cortelyou. They have not forgotten how savagely they denounced the Democrats in the national platform of 1896 for having incurred "an unceasing deficit." There was no excuse offered then for an absurd system of bookkeeping, such as the Secretary now alleges, nor would one have been considered for a moment. Moreover, the very plan which Mr. Cortelyou now suggests, of reckoning bond sales as a receipt, and paying for "permanent public works" out of borrowed money, instead of taxes, was repudiated in advance by the Republicans in 1896, when they arraigned the Democrats for "eking out ordinary current expenses with borrowed money." Mr. Cortelyou may have chosen to ignore these political aspects of the case, but purely as a financial measure there is strong objection to his proposal to classify the Treasury receipts and expenditures as "ordinary" and "extraordinary." This would tend to confusion, not clarity. It would place our system of public accounts in the same category with that of Russia. The Russian Finance Minister always reports a surplus, because the items which would make a deficit he transfers to the account of "extraordinary" expenditures. With the consequent borrowings and bond issues, Russian finance has long been the despair of statisticians and investors. Secretary Cortelyou's plan would introduce similar puzzles here. It would, in fact, be a step backwards towards our cumbrous methods during the civil war. The present form of Treasury statement may not be all that could be desired; but at all events it sets forth the facts accurately.

Secretary Cortelyou is quoted as predicting that there will be no "emergency" in this autumn's money market, and therefore no need for using the "emergency provisions" of the Aldrich-Vreeland bill. We do not doubt that the Secretary is correctly quoted, because he is a sensible man and in the habit of speaking truthfully. The predictions of the Senatorial cabal who hustled this legislative monstrosity through Congress in its expiring hours, and who attempted to justify their course by warnings that if their measure were not passed, next autumn would witness "another panic, worse than last October's," were either not sensible or else not truthful. With idle money piling up in the New York banks at a rate which brought the surplus reserve the other day to heights never but once exceeded in our previous history, and with money lending on Wall Street for a six-months' term at only 3½ per cent., the full absurdity of the Aldrich-Cannon plea is now manifest. There are faithful souls, we presume, who will ask why Mr. Cortelyou should make his party's Congressional action ridiculous, even by speaking out unpalatable truths. Is it because the Chicago platform "especially commended" this notorious measure, and had only a word or two of perfunctory recognition of Mr. Cortelyou's really great achievement—his prompt use of the public surplus to stop a general plunge into insolvency after the Knickerbocker failure?

The *Evening Sun* of this city has performed a valuable service in setting forth the precise facts as to the long continued strike in Chester, Pa., of the 150 street railway employees. Early in April, their wages were cut from 18½ cents an hour to 16 2-3 cents, and the men refused to work. The authorities and the bulk of the population siding with them, they for three months terrorized the town with the usual arguments of union men on strike—boycotting, assaults with intent to kill, the use of bombs, and the destruction of property. Dozens of injured have been taken to the hospitals, many of them innocent bystanders. The mobs assailed the State police, as well as the strike-breakers. Five cars have been dynamited, a sixth escaping by accident, and a bridge was burned down. The boycott has been carried to almost inconceivable lengths; for example, two elderly school teachers, who dared to ride on the cars in a rain-storm, were compelled to apologize to their school children—who struck at once—by publishing an apologetic letter. A young physician, who rode on the cars in response to calls from patients, has been compelled to leave the city, and several

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policemen resigned rather than ride on the cars in the execution of their duty. Naturally, the city has paid a heavy price for this, directly and indirectly, by vacant houses and men thrown out of work, while the expense of handling the strike has been $5,000 a month. The company claims $150,000 in damages, and the total bill of the city and county is likely to be between $200,000 to $250,000.

To have killed a restaurant-keeper in the interests of labor is the very latest thing in Presidential qualifications. The Socialist Labor Party registers its protest against stupid conventions and old-fashioned decency by expressing its desire to send to the White House a young man who is now serving a twenty-five-year term for murder. There is certainly an advantage in crowning your hero with the halo of martyrdom before, rather than after, he takes the Presidential chair. The particular form of this martyrdom is bound to call forth the admiration and allegiance of those sympathetic multitudes who, every year or two, affix their signatures to the petition for pardon of some atrocious criminal. They will at once recognize their representative man, and rise up and follow him when he comes trailing clouds of glory from the prison-house which is his home.

Our land laws were once fairly adapted to existing conditions, but they are now antiquated and foster speculation and fraud—such is the accusation of Seth R. Humphrey in the July *Atlantic*. He speaks from long and official experience when he says that the root of the trouble is the fixed equal charge for public lands of all degrees of value. In the early pioneer days, it was put low enough to tempt hardy settlers into the unexplored West. But soon came the era of speculation and fraud. Men rushed in with no intention whatever of keeping or improving their land. When the Indian reservation was opened, the land-office made the settlers line up for the crack of a gun, and settle their "right" to lands by the speed of their legs, the hardness of their fists, and the quality of their firearms. Later it tried distribution by lottery. A fixed charge of $1.50 to $4.00 per acre was still absurdly maintained on land worth $5, $10, and even $25. And this old-fashioned nonsense of the "crustaceans of the land-office" is, as Mr. Humphrey shows, continued in the opening of the new tracts made available by the national irrigation policy. Unless these new acres, too, are to be made the spoil of the speculator, and their development neglected, the fixed-charge system, with its lottery annex, should be abolished. Mr. Humphrey's whole article is well worth attention at Washington.

Senator Everett Colby is to be punished for his insubordination, his repeated refusals to abide by the wishes of the leaders of his party. Hence a highly respectable candidate, Thomas L. Raymond, now first assistant prosecutor of Newark, has been put forward to contest with him for the Senatorship nomination on the Republican ticket. There is evidence that this has been engineered by the friends of ex-Senator Dryden and the corporate influences against which Mr. Colby has fought so long and so successfully. It is needless to say that Mr. Colby has done more to purify and invigorate his party in New Jersey during the last six years than any other man, and that its best chances of permanent success depend upon its ability to keep in public life men of similar character and aims. Mr. Raymond is a man of excellent reputation, but there is no reason apparent at this distance from Newark why he should supplant Senator Colby. He takes his stand, he says, squarely on the State and national platforms, but he is discreetly silent on the questions of limited franchises, the equalization of taxes, and excise. We decline to believe that Mr. Colby's highly intelligent Republican constituency will permit his retirement at the coming primary.

It is not true that the National Education Association, whose convention at Cleveland has just ended, turned a cold shoulder to the Simplified Spelling Board. The fact of the matter, explains Charles P. G. Scott, secretary of the Board, is that a motion was made to print the reports of the Association according to "our lists." "This motion was set aside at our own request, because we do not wish to force our spellings even upon a minority." Rare and charming delicacy on the part of the Board! If we may trust reports, however, this almost timorously considerate organization is girdling the earth with pickets. Gratifying reports come in from every side. The quick philological sense of the school children of Illinois has brought them into the fold without a struggle. Stewart L. Woodford and John Burroughs have sworn allegiance to the children of light. Nay, even "the most eminent philologists" of conservative Australia, South Wales, and New Zealand lift up their voices for reform. What is the secret of this irresistible march? Circular No. 19 of the Simplified Spelling Board throws some light on the question. "I venture to say," declares Professor Lounsbury, "that there is not either in this country or in England a single scholar in English, to whom other scholars would feel that deference is due, who is opposed to this movement in itself." Any persons of eminence who object "have attained eminence in some other field than English scholarship." Those who defend the present orthography display "the nakedness of their ignorance"; but the Board is gratified by signs of a decrease in this "indecent mental exposure." The Board will not force its spelling upon even a minority; but if you persist in remaining in the minority, the Board's fine scruples will not prevent its calling you a fool and an ignoramus. If you don't want your scholarship boycotted, join the union.

The recent meeting of the newly organized historical association of the Mississippi Valley represents a new movement. Until recently the West has appeared too young to attract the attention of the historical specialist, so that little real critical work has been attempted. Yet that country is rich in collections of historical sources. Early in the existence of most of the States individuals interested themselves in the preservation of the records; and, in many cases, there were founded at an early date State historical societies. The field for research is, therefore, fertile, and the whole of it should be worked over. There have lately been published several scholarly monographs in Western history. Those who have taken interest in this work have organized the Mississippi Valley Historical Association in order to keep in touch with each other and to promote the study of history throughout the whole region. This new association may become significant in the interpretation of the past of the nation at large. On account of the Civil War, Mason and Dixon's line has come to have for many almost the reality of a physical barrier. The development of the Eastern colonies and States emphasized this disunion, but such was never the case in the great valley of the West, where Southern men and Northern men settled side by side along the rivers and on the prairies. This unity of the West was long maintained by the easy communication offered by the Mississippi River. On its banks the feeling of nationalism was fostered. It was out of the consciousness of Western unity that the new historical association was born; and the alliance of historians from the North and South places a new emphasis on the facts of Western expansion.

Mr. Balfour went back to an old and congenial rôle of his when he addressed the Pan-Anglican Congress on the conflict between science and religion. The author of "The Foundations of Belief" was supposed to have made out a good case for the creed by maintaining that theological belief is no more irrational than scientific; and the blessing which his address of the other day bestowed was nearly as dubious. He admitted that recent scientific discoveries had made the old argument from design

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practically "worthless," and declared that if one had to choose between religion and science he could not well avoid inclining to the latter. For in "the ministrations of science," Mr. Balfour said, "I am more and more driven to believe is the greatest mundane agent for good." But, of course, he did not concede that the scientific spirit and the religious spirit are in hopeless antagonism. On the contrary, he thought that they are approximating each other more closely than would have seemed possible, fifty years ago. Theology has become more tolerant; science more humble. Both stand dumb before the vast complex of the universe. And if both believe in a higher reason informing the whole, there is no really vital philosophic conflict between them. Ordinary frankness, however, compelled Mr. Balfour to say that theology had been profoundly modified by science. The two may dwell in peace, but only on condition of the stronger being allowed its way.

Marcel Prévost comments in the *Annales* on the differences in the attitude of the French and the English toward sports. In France, he says, interest is confined practically to individuals of wealth and leisure, and indulgence in sports is regarded as a social distinction. Every sub-prefecture in France, especially in garrison towns, has a tennis court, and Prévost has found it amusing to note the intrigues they give rise to—the pride of those who have admission to them, the hostility of those who have not. As soon as a particular sport becomes less exclusive, it loses ground among the aristocrats. Rowing on the Seine is now left to clerks, and bicycling is looked on as distinctly vulgar. Why automobiling has made such progress in France is obvious: its cost prevents it from sharing the fate of rowing and wheeling. But even to those Frenchmen who indulge in this or that sport, it is always a matter of secondary interest; their *grande passion* is something else. Attempts to introduce the English spirit in French high schools have failed, and Prévost does not seem to be sorry thereat; he holds the devotion to sports responsible for the fact, if fact it be, that the average Englishman is inferior mentally to the Frenchman or German of the same class.

New China is borrowing not only the railways, guns, constitutions, professors, and temperance movements of the West, but also its athletics. The world's conception of a Chinese athlete has probably been a fat man dozing in a chair. He is the companion figure to the traditional Chinese warrior who seeks to encompass the defeat of his enemy by flourishing a sword as large as Ko-Ko's and yelling. But we have it on the authority of the Shanghai *Mercury* that "there is growing up in our midst"—that is, in the midst of the Chinese—"a new order of native manhood, showing every reason to hope that it will be as good as it is new. The stamina of the native youth has increased." At St. John's College, Shanghai, the native students have the classical athletic programme of the colleges of the West. They have the sprints, the hurdle, and the jumps; play baseball, football, and tennis, and drill smartly. It is not stated in the *Mercury*, but they may be even driving motor cycles in Cathay. The results are noticeable. "In the competition for the Africa Cup the Chinese contingent did their ten miles march with arms and accoutrements without a single man falling out. They needed some reviving at the end, but"—but so does all China, for that matter, and so do Yale and Harvard crews.

It cannot be denied that in advocating a tax on bachelors, the German Emperor has scored both on Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan. We should not have believed it possible that the President would have let a mere German get ahead of him, particularly after having concerned himself both with race suicide and the cause of the child. But such is the fact; and the German press is now discussing the Emperor's proposal, which it takes with all seriousness. Thus the Berlin *Tageblatt*, while evidently favorable to the tax, doubts whether it can be imposed without also establishing a general income tax; it takes for granted that the new tax will be on incomes. Certain it is that if an Imperial income tax is put on, the married men could be made to pay their share, but the *Tageblatt* worries lest some people should consider taxing bachelors a kind of discriminating class legislation. The Kaiser has not yet unfolded the details of his plan. We presume, however, that the tax will decrease with the size of the bachelor's income. That is, the smaller the income the larger the tax, which will thus serve the double purpose of inciting to matrimony and stimulating the bachelor to become a more useful and valuable member of society. Upon this double ground we have no doubt the new tax will commend itself to economists everywhere, and win for itself a place in Mr Roosevelt's platform of 1912, next, perhaps, to old-age pensions, as that upon which he will make his strongest appeal for re-election.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., states that "news is brought by the steamship Empress of China from Korea that nearly a thousand pro-Japanese Koreans, members of the Il-Chin-Hoi, have been murdered by Korean insurgents." This is, of course, condensing into one dramatic incident what has really been the history of two years' internecine warfare in Korea. Even before the establishment of the Japanese protectorate, the Il-Chin-Hoi were hated by the masses of the people of Seul because of their consistency in playing into the hands of the Japanese. Since the protectorate was made a fact, the Korean patriots have carried on a war of revenge against the partisans of Japan. The slaughter of the pro-Japanese Koreans has been larger than that of Japanese themselves, because the protecting Power has been accustomed to avenge any attack on one of its own subjects with terrible severity. Yet against Japanese tyranny, too, the Koreans have risen repeatedly. The outside world probably knows little of the guerrilla warfare that has been going on away from Seul; only now and then one hears of an eloquent number of Korean executions. That the supposedly spiritless and cowardly Korean should venture to challenge the might of victorious Japan only shows how far the most "inferior" of nations will go in defence of its right to work out its own destinies.

The civil war in Persia will be cited by the British Opposition as more than justifying its criticisms of the recent Anglo-Russian agreement with regard to Central Asia. By that agreement Persia was divided into two political spheres of which the northern, including the capital and all other principal cities, was handed over to Russia. What Russian "influence" has succeeded in accomplishing in less than a year, the present anarchy in the Persian Empire shows. Now, the question that suggests itself and that cannot fail to be put by those who opposed the partitioning of Persia, is this: Would the Shah have delivered his *coup d'état*, would the Parliament have been dispersed, its leaders massacred, and the Constitution itself imperilled, if Great Britain had not practically agreed to give Russia a free hand with the Shah? It was under British auspices largely that the Persian liberal movement attained its first victories. The famous secession of 10,000 of Teheran's leading citizens, three years ago, which forced the late Shah to grant a Constitution, was to the grounds of the British Legation. From that it is a long step to having the Shah place his pickets about the British Legation and enforce the power of search on its inmates. Against this procedure Sir Edward Grey has protested; but that is scarcely enough. Unless Great Britain shows by unmistakable action that she does not consider the terms of her agreement with Russia tantamount to the establishment of a Russian protectorate over Persia, she will lay herself open to the charge of having betrayed the cause of Constitutional government and progress in the Middle East.

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AN ERA OF NO FEELING.

Dulness has already marked this Presidential election for its own. Nobody pretends to be excited, or holds out any real hope of becoming so. Even the political *claqueurs*, in either party, who are hired to go through their simulated frenzy of delight, are doing it in the most modern fashion, like men with their eye on the clock and longing for the hour to knock off their distasteful job. Memory has to be racked to recall a campaign which started off so dead and alive. From the Monrovian Era of Good Feeling, we seem to have fallen to an Era of No Feeling.

Obvious causes have brought about this state of political indifference. For several months, the country has been face to face with two thoroughly discounted Presidential nominations. Now, no one can be thrown into transports over a foregone conclusion. We need the element of uncertainty, of prolonged doubt, of thrilling struggle. Politics no more than the theatre can hold close attention without dramatic suspense. But in the great political play now offered to the nation, the dénouement was given in the first act—rather, in the very prologue—so that there is nothing for the weary audience to do but sit it out as patiently as it can. The party ushers may urge the people to wait and see whether it "ends happily," but the fact is too plain that it has begun unhappily, however it may end.

Moreover, the spectators are convinced that such fighting as they are asked to witness and to cheer is mostly sham. Insincerity is the great breeder of indifference; and it is evident that a good part of the thrusting and fencing which the two parties are now doing is only a stage duel. The hatred and fear are feigned, and the causes of quarrel hollow. When one considers the attempt this year to make out in the official platforms sharp issues between the Republicans and tne Democrats, one merely gets a new impression of the confusion of current politics, and of the way in which old shibboleths and party watchwords have lost their force. This is partly, of course, a result of President Roosevelt's success in raiding Democratic preserves. Yet in breaking the point of traditional Democratic denunciations of Republican policy, he has also weakened the power of his own party to get up campaign horror over the nefarious designs of the Democrats. When both parties have come to the same things, neither can attack the other with anything but artificial zeal. How, for example, will it be possible to get up a battle, or stir enthusiasm, over the anti-injunction plank? If the Republicans had kept their hands off it, they might have appealed with something of their old success to the sentiment of reverence for the courts; but, after what was done about injunctions at Chicago, nothing that will happen at Denver is likely to appear revolutionary or dangerous.

If measures fail to divide voters angrily, may not men inflame them? Platforms may be ambiguous twaddle, but will not the candidates fire the hearts of their followers and make the contest exciting? Not according to the present outlook. Mr. Taft's chosen rôle is good humor and a reassuring smile. One cannot imagine him forcing the fight, or setting the multitude ablaze. His probable opponent is more aggressive, an unwearied campaigner, and an able conjurer of rhetorical emotions. But the difficulty with Mr. Bryan is that all his fireworks have been once exploded. His excitements are spent. Even if he undertakes to flog himself into new fury on the stump, his exhibition can seem at best only a tame imitation of what he has given before. The country will grow wild neither at him nor with him.

Hence, if there is to be excitement in the campaign, it must be extra-political. The truth is that sagacious observers are already looking more to the business than to the political situation. The former may easily dominate the latter. If conditions in the industrial world should not sensibly improve; if thousands of men remain out of work; if they see their savings disappear and the pinch of another winter coming, with no sure promise of better times, then, indeed, we might expect exciting times, which could not fail to be reflected in politics. The one critical sign which the shrewd managers of both parties are watching is the state of trade. If there is much to be said for the economic interpretation of history, there is more to be said for the economic interpretation of politics. Parties go solemnly through their motions, yet in their hearts they know that the result of the election may easily depend, not upon party creed or party leaders, but upon the reduced shipments of iron ore from the Great Lakes, the number of idle men in Pittsburgh and Youngstown, St. Louis and Chicago and New York, the size of the wheat and corn and cotton crops, and the prices they bring. Let him who wants real excitement eschew platforms and campaign speeches, and study grain reports and the iron output and the earnings of railways. They are to be this year bigger than all the politicians.

UNCLE REMUS.

Brer Fox, perhaps, might be able to explain why the great classics of the world's light literature should have been produced by men of serious interests, on the whole. Defoe's ardent pamphleteering soul could scarcely have been aware of what "Robinson Crusoe" would become to all English-speaking boyhood. That Lewis Carroll, mathematician and author of "Symbolic Logic" and "Principles of Parliamentary Representation," should also have written the history of Alice; that men of such a seeming incomparably serious occupation as Germanic philology should have been the authors of Grimms' "Fairy Tales"; that a secretary of the French Academy should have given to the world Mother Goose, Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty is argument in favor of the amateur as against the professional when it comes to the fashioning of elemental but lasting literature. Such perpetual delights for the world's simple appetite in reading, like some of the greatest achievements in the art of cookery, have been stumbled upon almost by accident, and most often not by the professional *chef*. It was a sporting English lord at the gaming table that devised the sandwich. It was not a professional student of folklore, but a Southern journalist, that first gave to the world the adventure of Brer Rabbit with the Tar Baby.

The field which Joel Chandler Harris opened has since been industriously ploughed by the folklorist and the short-story writer, to the greater glory of both. We have had reams of negro fable and tradition that come probably nearer to the scientific standard of anthropologic truth than the earliest narrative of Uncle Remus, and we have had fictive tales of negro belief that are, at first hand, cleverer in plot and dialogue, and more startling in orthography, than the colloquies of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit. But whether Uncle Remus's combination of just that measure of truth with just that measure of art which makes permanent literature, has been equalled by others, is quite a different question. As a matter of fact, Mr. Harris, in his own later histories of Uncle Remus, showed a falling away from the perfect balance he struck in the first stories. He was deflected, sadly enough, too much towards the truth; began to gather negro lore with professional ardor, and let the formal side suffer. The decline, of course, was from the high standard which he himself had set. Compared with most of the grist that has come from the negro dialect fiction mill, what Uncle Remus had to say always carried with it something of the earth's freshness which it is not given to the clever magazine writer to put into his pages.

How near to a real folklore, in the sense of a native store of crude belief, Uncle Remus has brought us, will remain for years, we suppose, a mooted question with those interested in negro anthropology. The negro in the South is in more ways than one a source of vexation to the student of ethnic evolution. It will not do to bind the mind of the negro too closely to his African ancestry. What the plantation hand believes now that is to us primitive, what

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he often says, what he often sings—is it an inheritance brought over from the Dark Continent, or is it the perversion of what he learned in this country from the white man long ago, and what the white man has forgotten? When Anton Dvorák declared that a national American school of music would be developed on the basis of our negro melodies, evidence was brought forward to show, we believe, that his supposed native negro music has its origin in old Methodist revival hymns set to European tunes. Into voodoo, so far as our knowledge of that dark realm goes, not all that enters is African; Indian and European superstitions are mixed in the hodge-podge. The attempt has been made to trace the history of meaningless words in negro song and dialect back to an African vernacular; but with no apparent success. How much of Uncle Remus that is not Joel Chandler Harris comes from the banks of the Congo, and how much was born on the banks of the Rappahannock and the Chattahoochee, has not yet been shown.

The elements are common, of course, to all peoples. Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Jedge B'ar do the same things, more or less, as Coyote, Fox, and Bear among the Plains Indians. But as our children know them they are thrice removed from the tales the original mind of Africa must have evolved regarding them, or their entrancing beasts' counterparts. Extra-African legend has imposed itself on the atavistic belief to make up the creed of the American negro, and the white man who tells the story for his whiter brethren introduces his own modifications. Perhaps we shall not get to the real kernel of the African's soul until one of his own race, following in the steps of a Paul Laurence Dunbar, shall act as interpreter. Until that problematic day, Uncle Remus may rest safely on his laurels. That they will ever be in serious danger, we greatly doubt.

MISREPORTING COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

President Stanley Hall of Clark University renews an old plaint with fresh emphasis in his railing accusation against newspaper reporters. Their chief aim in life, he declares, seems to be to "make college professors ridiculous." Those unhappy gentlemen, it should appear, cannot deliver a lecture or make an address or give an interview, without being made, by the perverse ingenuity of the reporter, to "look, speak, and act like a fool." Hence the need of an association of college men for self-protection against the press. Dr. Hall announces that he is working on a plan for such an organization, which is to include, if necessary, "a boycott against offending newspaper men and newspapers." We imagine that the Supreme Court, which has held the boycott to be illegal, will scarcely take judicial knowledge of this threat; so that President Hall and his associates will probably not have to take their stand alongside the mad hatters of Danbury.

Frank newspapers will not deny that there is considerable truth in President Hall's charges. The misreporting of what college professors say has been too frequent. It has been more due, however, to ignorance, or the pursuit of a sensation at all hazards, than to malice. Nothing, indeed, could well be more melancholy than the turning loose of an incompetent reporter upon a technical academic lecture. He has but the faintest understanding of what he hears, and does not know how to convey that intelligently. It is from his tribe that we get the news item about Professor Diplodoccus having "refuted Darwin," about Professor Echinoderm having discovered spontaneous generation, and the learned Dr. Schriftsteller having worked out a German source for Shelley's "Skylark." It must be confessed that science and theology fare badly at the hands of reporters who know nothing about either. Yet what they need is, not to be boycotted, but instructed, and meanwhile put on some other job.

The whole blame, however, cannot be placed upon the young lions of the press. Their sensational and often absurd roaring is in response to roars from within the academe. There are sensational professors abroad. They like the newspaper headline with their shrinking names in it; they are fond of startling both the academic world and the vulgar herd outside. So they cultivate the iconoclastic spirit, or spend their nights forging audacious epigrams, or carefully prepare assaults upon the honored names in literature or in philanthropy. And are they hurt when the sensational press exploits their calculated indiscretions? Not they; it would give them an "inward pain" like that of the hymn were all their flippancies and irreverencies *not* blazoned forth. Chicago University has had the name of being more misrepresented in the newspapers than any other institution. Not long ago, its authorities issued an official warning against crediting any Chicago professor with the crudities and absurdities which might be foisted upon him by the press. There was doubtless ground for this; yet it is also beyond doubt that a well-developed itch for publicity has afflicted some of the teaching force in Chicago University. It is not pure chance which has so often brought certain of their names into notoriety. The sensational reporter—usually, of course, one of their own students, trying to turn an honest penny by furnishing college news—has known to what class-rooms to go for his sensations. The judicious members of the faculty grieve, but the self-advertisers are well content, at the resulting hubbub.

Neither individually nor collectively are college professors such sensitive plants as Dr. Hall would give one to suppose. Instead of shrivelling at the touch of the great world, many of them expand and blossom under it. The still air of delightful studies palls upon them unless it is broken in upon now and then with shrill cries of "Extra!" It is well known that many colleges now have a regularly organized bureau of publicity. The aim is to keep the institution "in the public eye"; and the public eye is getting to have such a cold and fish-like stare of indifference, that all sorts of flaring things have to be exhibited to attract a look from it. Now, those who crave publicity, have to take the risks of publicity. One of them is the danger of being misreported. It would be well, of course, if all newspaper accounts were microscopically exact; but as they are known not to be, there is nothing for it but to remind college professors who seek to see themselves in print, that they must take the same chances as other mortals with errant type.

Even the truly retiring professor, who dreads invasion of his class-room by the jaunty reporter, has small resource except to grin and bear it. The late Professor Price of Columbia used to tell of an experience of his own, and the sound piece of advice he got from Charles A. Dana. One of his lectures had been fearfully distorted in a report in the *Sun* The professor wrote to the editor, pointing out how impossible it was that he could have said the ridiculous things put into his mouth, and asking for a correction. Mr. Dana replied, admitting the reporter's slovenly work and offering cheerfully to make the correction, if really desired, but explaining to Professor Price the general rule, which was that if a newspaper attributed nonsense to a man of standing, nobody believed it, but if the thing were formally denied, then everybody believed it! The professor saw the point and withdrew his request. He found silence under misrepresentation wiser than a boycott. So, in our opinion, would President Hall.

COSMOPOLITANISM AND DECADENCE.

In urging in the *Century* the claims of English as a world-language, Prof. Brander Matthews adopts one dubious line of argument. He says that English has a splendid literature—which is doubtless true; that "this literature reveals no hint of decay or decadence"—which is questionable; and that it is therefore especially well-adapted for conquering the earth—which does not follow at all. The moral of this linguistic imperialism is, as one would expect, that we should reform our spelling

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out of hand; but the argument fairly raises, besides the mere questions of fact, the whole question of the relation of cosmopolitanism to decadence.

The important point to determine is the original state from which there has been "declension." Students of English literature are urged to become familiar with Anglo-Saxon, because in that tongue the spirit of the Anglo-Saxons is preserved in its original state. Now, the spirit revealed in the Beowulf, the Cædmonian and Cynewulfian poems, the prose of Bede and Alfred, is an essentially virile spirit confronting life and death bravely; an earnest religious spirit, tinged occasionally with a grave melancholy. The spirit that conquered and almost obliterated it was an essentially feminine and romantic spirit carried in the songs of troubadours and jongleurs—a spirit of wit, sentiment, gallantry, grace, mystery, amorousness, and license, fed by fairy tales out of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Surely, it was not moral elevation that made mediæval French a world-language: and surely the old Anglo-Saxon spirit had declined or deteriorated when Gower the cosmopolite was writing in three languages in an effort to be all things to all men. The history of subsequent vital contacts of the English spirit with other national spirits points to the same conclusion. Italy swept over England in the works of Petrarch, Boccaccio, Bandello, Tasso, Aretino, with a host of the more unworthy, till English literature became, in turn, sentimental, fantastic, realistic, ferocious, and Roger Ascham exclaimed: "An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate." That was another period of decadence. After a brief period of sobriety, an emergence of the true England, came the debauch of the Restoration—the best example of all; for even the contact with the comparatively pure seventeenth-century France was too much for the equilibrium of the English spirit, and it went stark mad.

Now, no one would be so foolish as to argue that English has not profited by these communions with the other great literatures of the world. On the intellectual side, the profit is incalculably great. Abundance, richness, flexibility, tolerance, color, range are all cosmopolitan qualities which, in great measure, English literature possesses. Yet to have all these without national virtues profiteth nothing; and it is only when a literature begins to lay aside its national virtues and becomes to a certain extent unmoral, or even immoral, that it enters triumphantly upon the conquest of the world. Be good and you will be lonesome. We may trust Mark Twain, in spite of Montgomery, Tupper, Longfellow, and Wagner of the "Simple Life." It was Byron, and not Wordsworth, that set Germany on fire, and was hailed as the greatest genius since Shakespeare. It was Poe, and not Hawthorne, that gave the great impulse to the short-story in France. It was Whitman, and not Thoreau, that went to Europe. It is Oscar Wilde, and not Stephen Phillips, that makes the hit in Vienna and Paris and Christiania. Conservative literary men in France have been complaining bitterly of late that it is only the misrepresentative fiction, the pornographic stuff, that finds an eager market abroad. It almost seems that the qualities which make for the federation of the world are not the national virtues, but the international vices. One touch of lubricity makes the whole world kin.

To allege of English that it "reveals no hint of decay or decadence" is merely to shut one's eyes to the facts. It has been trading for a hundred years in Nineveh and Babylon. Has it not produced whole shelves full of books on the strength of drink and opium? Has not its æsthetic school declined, decayed, or deteriorated into morbid nympholepsy and the so-called "Greek" idiosyncrasy? Has it not turned aside to the glorification of unbridled passion and brutality? Has it not gone adventuring for strange sensations among the white, the black, the brown, and the yellow-skinned races? Let the curious turn to the description of the "modern man" in the preface to a volume of poems by England's most accomplished young versifier. "Arms and the man," sang Virgil; arms and the soubrette, sings this modern Mantuan; and the burden of his lay is that, in the long run, decency is a great bore.

A world-language has terrible things to express. If English does not wish to become a vessel of wrath, it had better not dwell too long on its imperialistic dreams. It had better come home and fight for its altars and its fires, and revive its healthy loves and hates, not scorning its Puritan ancestry. Cosmopolitanism is a dear teacher, and the pith of its lesson is only this: A man cannot be all things to all men and be much of a man himself.

THREE NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES IN ENGLAND.

Each of the universities existing to-day in Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds, which received their charters in 1903, began the business of education in a humble way. Of the three, Manchester is the pioneer. About the year 1840 a well-to-do citizen, John Owens, informed his friend, George Faulkner, that he intended to bequeath him his fortune of £96,000. Faulkner declined the honor, and persuaded Owens to found a college. Owens died in 1846; the trustees spent five years in finding a modest house in Quay Street, Manchester—once Richard Cobden's—in furnishing it and engaging a staff of five professors and two lecturers. The first lecture was given in 1851. At the end of the session there were twenty-five students and things promised well. But many were the ups and downs of Owens during the next twenty years. Women were out of question, as the college had been founded for "young persons of the male sex." At times it almost seemed as if the college would have to close its doors. A good story is told of Henry Roscoe, the eminent professor of chemistry. The college was in rather a poor neighborhood, and Roscoe stood at the top of the flight of steps late one evening when a poor workingman drew near.

"Maister," said he, "is this the neet [night] asylum?"

"No," said Roscoe, dejectedly, "but I dare say it soon will be."

Nevertheless, the professors clung on, and in the sixties became embarrassed with overcrowded class-rooms. What had been styled a "mortifying failure," due to the ignorance and incapacity of the Manchester people, was now on the high road to success. An appeal for funds to build a substantial college in Oxford Road, the present site, received a response to the amount of £80,000; a handsome building was erected and opened in 1873. Ever since 1836 London had been the great examining university for England; no matter where a man studied, or a woman after 1878, London would examine and stamp with degrees. But as time went on, Owens began to realize more fully its own importance, and to consider that Manchester, too, might confer degrees. In 1880 the Victoria University, a degree-conferring body, was founded, and Manchester was the first constituent college. Liverpool joined as a second constituent in 1884, Leeds in 1887.

There has always been a good deal of amiable rivalry between Manchester and Liverpool. The former could not be a port, but she must have a ship canal. The latter looked on the strange phenomenon of a great new college, in a city distant one hour by rail, with mingled feelings. In 1878 Liverpool declared that she, too, must have a college; but trade was greatly depressed at the moment, and the resolution was only carried into effect in 1880. A former asylum, modified for the purpose, was opened as a university in 1882, with ninety-three students. Six chairs were founded; wealthy merchants and citizens came forward with support, and as the work developed, more chairs were founded, lectureships added, bursaries and scholarships bestowed, so that the net might be cast more widely and reach every class of society. Liverpool has always leaned hard on her City Council; perhaps, one might say, her university is the child of her city government. Even to-day the institution receives an annual subsidy of £11,700 from the rates, and the Council requires that £1,000 at least must be spent on scholarships for the children of poor ratepayers.

The junior partner, Leeds, began business on even less capital than her sisters. About 1868 some citizens interested in education issued a circular announcing that a College of Science was needed, and inviting subscriptions for £60,000. Only £17,000 could be scraped together, but the courageous founders built and opened the college in 1874. On the first day one student enrolled. At the end of the session there were nineteen students. The staff was composed of four professors, who may be said to have since made their mark in the world of science and education. In 1878 the institution took the title of

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Yorkshire College, and in 1887, as already said, became the third constituent college of Victoria University. Leeds is pre-eminently the technological college of the trio. The Clothworkers' Company has steadily befriended it, giving a subsidy of £4,000 annually, and building besides large, light, admirable departments for textiles, dyeing, and tinctorial chemistry. The Skinners' Company has also built a well-equipped department for the leather industries. Leeds, however, does not give a B.Sc.Tech. degree; she exacts a good general scientific training for two years, and two years besides in the special line a student may choose; the degree gained is that of B.Sc.

When Liverpool and Manchester proposed the disruption of Victoria University, each claiming a separate university, Leeds offered vigorous resistance. She did not care to stand alone, and, moreover, disliked the idea of multiplying degree-conferring bodies with the possible result that degrees might be cheapened. But the two great cities had wealth, power, and their municipal councils to back their petition. In 1903 Victoria University was dissolved. Manchester obtained the title of Victoria University of Manchester; Liverpool University and Leeds University being the titles conferred on the other colleges. Since the separation, progress has been marked all along the line. Each university senate busied itself with rearrangement of faculties and with starting fresh lines of usefulness suited to local needs. Thus Manchester has eight faculties and a department of education; Liverpool has five and classes education under the arts faculty; Leeds limits herself to four (arts, science, medicine, technology), but then she groups law, education, and commerce under the heading of arts. In numbers the students are increasing rapidly. The registered day students number:

Manchester	1,352
Liverpool	1,004
Leeds	746

There are also hundreds of evening students who attend classes useful for their occupations, such as banking, railway management, and the principles of commerce; at Liverpool alone these evening students number nearly 500. And the quality of the work has been maintained and improved. The objection of Leeds to cheap and valueless degrees, an objection rightly urged at the moment, will not hold. The standard is high, considerably higher than at Oxford and Cambridge. The pass degree there is not a high qualification. That of the new universities is the sign and seal of an excellent general education. The honors degree means specialization, and almost invariably requires evidence of original work. I spoke with many professors on the ease with which an idle youth may gain this pass degree at Oxford and Cambridge, after three years devoted to athletics, and a very short period to work. They were confident that this could not be done at the new universities; shirkers feel uncomfortable and usually leave before long. The prevailing spirit of devotion to work does not consort with their aims.

We find new social strata, new for university education, in the northern universities. Students belong to the middle-middle, lower-middle, and superior, ambitious working-classes. They come because they have their way to make in the world; their parents are making sacrifices to maintain them; they have every inducement to work. One university boasts that it attracts students from every class of society, beginning in the social scale with a princess and ending with the daughter of a lamplighter. One might expect that these local universities would draw from the city and immediate neighborhood. They do so to a large extent, yet Welsh, Scotch, and Irish students are found in every one of them; India, the Colonies, United States, Egypt, Japan, China, Spain, France, Germany, are all represented to some extent. A small town in northern Spain has for many years sent students to Liverpool; in one year as many as seven. Though Manchester did not begin with coeducation, she accepted it in 1871; women are admitted to every faculty in all three universities save engineering. A Vice-Chancellor informed me that he was a fanatic for coeducation; the results have justified the experiment.

The common life of students is vigorous, more so than one would expect in non-residential colleges, and debates, discussions, lectures, concerts, "smokers," flourish. Each university has a large and important students' union and various societies take charge of athletics, music, games, and so on. The students at Leeds arrange for their own religious services every Sunday of term time. All three universities have embodied in their charters absolute freedom of religious belief for professors and students alike. At Manchester a new Students' Union building, costing £20,000 and to accommodate both sexes, will shortly be erected.

For reasons already given, discipline is easy in the northern universities. One Vice-Chancellor stated that if any little difficulty arose he simply had to send for the president of the Students' Union and make known the wishes of the authorities in order to obtain his point. At a moment when London is suffering from Brown Dog* demonstrations, when women suffragists are breaking up political meetings, and the students of Aberystwyth College have prevented the University Court being held in November, when the spirit of rowdyism and hooliganism seems prevalent, it is satisfactory to note the order and discipline that obtain in the north, where courage at least is not lacking.

All the new universities are harassed with an insufficiency of accommodation, equipment, and funds. Professors often present the touching spectacle of good men struggling with adversity in the shape of lack of space. The inspectors appointed to apportion the government grant in aid made nine separate complaints of overcrowding and lack of due accommodation at Leeds; nor are the sister universities guiltless in these respects. But the rush to the universities, due in great part to the improvement in elementary and secondary education, has upset calculations and caused almost new buildings to be much too small. The niggardliness of the imperial government towards university education is deplorable. That same Parliament that votes £2,000,000 to be spent on one battleship doles out £100,000 to be divided annually among fourteen universities or university colleges. Of this Manchester receives £12,000, Liverpool £10,000, Leeds £8,000. Not only is there no proposal for augmentation, but the inspectors proposed in 1907 to dock Manchester of £2,000 per annum, when no reason save uniformity can be urged for such a step. The fees are not really low. An arts course costs from £10 to £25, a science course from £20 to £35. In France all university students pay 90 francs per annum with a small additional fee for use of laboratory. Compared with this, English university education is expensive. Considerable sums are available for scholarships and bursaries; and it may be said that university education can now be obtained by a class to whom it was denied before; it is admirable in quality, extensively useful. The endowment is usually small. The following balance-sheet will show from what various sources expenses are met:

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

Students' fees	£17,000
Endowments	16,000
Subscriptions and donations	4,000
Parliamentary grant	10,000
Parliamentary grant, additional	3,000
Liverpool City Council	11,700
Other nearby councils	2,300
	£64,000

It has always been England's proud boast that in her schools and colleges she aims not merely at learning, but at the formation of character. The new universities carry on this high tradition; they prepare for and confer degrees, but they also prepare for life. Manchester and Liverpool have each more than 130 students, many of them graduates of their own or the older universities, who carry on, frequently at their own expense, the great work of research. In this connection the admirable work of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine deserves honorable mention. Liverpool has not a single department in which original research is not carried on. Manchester has instituted new faculties in theology, technology, and commerce; it has also established a school of dental surgery. Degrees are given in all of these; to earn a degree in dentistry a five-year course is necessary. At Liverpool, new degrees have been instituted in architecture and engineering. Leeds, in conjunction with the Yorkshire Council of Education, conducts important experiments in agriculture; the university undertakes the theoretical instruction. Lecturers and travelling dairy instructors pass from one centre to another, spreading information and granting aid in conducting experiments. Such instruction is often given free save for local expense. It is only fair to say that a large proportion of the students are working for degrees. In the "pre-reformation" days not infrequently a student passed one of a three-year course for his degree in preparing for matriculation. This is no longer permitted; a three-year course at least is necessary after matriculation, sometimes four or five years.

Perhaps the greatest condemnation that can be passed on England's ancient universities is that they failed to train teachers, the missionaries of intellectual life in the middle and lower classes. In Scot-

*Anti-vivisectionists erected in Battersea Park a brown dog statue which gave offence to medical students.

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land the case was different; the teachers in village schools were university bred men. There are now teaching departments and diplomas at Oxford and Cambridge; to some extent amends are being made for the evil past. At the new universities the great work of training future teachers, elementary and secondary, is undertaken with a vigor and knowledge that are beyond praise. Theories on education and experiments are tried in schools that, at least in the case of Manchester, have been founded by the university department of education itself. Among them the new universities are training 450 men and women teachers. C. S. BREMNER.

London.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Under the title of "The Shakespeare Apocrypha" the Clarendon Press has reprinted fourteen of those Plays which have at one time or another during three centuries been attributed to Shakespeare. The volume is edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke of Magdalen College, Oxford, who has supplied a bibliography, and copious and interesting notes about the earlier editions of the plays and the evidences of their authorship, as well as notes to the text. The early quartos of these plays are collected as Shakespeareana, and many of them excite keen competition when they come upon the market. The following list, although it differs but slightly from Lowndes's list of the spurious plays, may prove of interest:

(1.) "Arden of Feversham." First edition, 1592. First ascribed to Shakespeare in the edition of 1770, where it was "offered in favor of its being the earliest dramatic work of Shakespeare now remaining."

(2.) "The Tragedie of Locrine." First edition, 1595. Included in the third folio, 1664.

(3.) "The Raigne of King Edward the Third." First edition, 1596. Attributed to Shakespeare by Capell.

(4.) "Comedy of Mucedorus." First edition, 1598. This was another of the plays which was bound in with "Faire Em" in the volume in Charles II.'s library.

(5.) "The Life of Sir John Old-castle." There were two editions in 1600, the title of the first being without author's name, but that of the second reading "Written by William Shakespeare." It was also included in the third folio.

(6.) "The Historie of the Whole Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell." The title-page of the first edition, 1602, reads "Written by W. S." It was included in the third folio, 1664.

(7.) "The London Prodigal." The title-page of the first edition reads "by William Shakespeare." Included in the third folio, 1664.

(8.) "The Pritaine or the Widow of Watling-streete." The title-page of the first edition, 1607, reads "Written by W. S." It was included in the third folio.

(9.) "A Yorkshire Tragedy." The title-page of the first edition reads "Written by W. Shakespeare." Included in the third folio.

(10.) "The Merry Devill of Edmonton." First edition, 1608. Said to be by Shakespeare when entered, a second time, by H. Moseley in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1653. When originally entered in 1607 no author's name was given.

(11.) "Faire Em the Miller's Daughter." First edition without date, the only copy known being in the Bodleian. Lowndes gives the second edition, 1631, as the first. A later edition, with other plays, formed a volume in the library of Charles II., which was lettered on the back "Shakespeare. Vol. I." Upon this slight authority and doubtful internal evidence the play was attributed to Shakespeare.

(12.) "The Two Noble Kinsmen." The title of the first edition, 1634, reads: "Written by the Memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare, Gent." It was included in the third folio.

(13.) "The Birth of Merlin." The title page of the earliest known edition, 1662, reads, "Written by William Shakespeare, and William Rowley." Notwithstanding this statement it was not included in the third folio in 1664.

(14.) "Sir Thomas More." First printed in 1844 for the Shakespeare Society, from a mutilated manuscript in the British Museum. Mr. Brooke's account of this manuscript, which consists of twenty sheets written in four or five different hands, one of which has been declared to be Shakespeare's own, is highly interesting. Regarding the text, he says: "The first 172 lines of the 'insurrection scene' appear to me more thoroughly in the tone of Shakespeare than any other passage in the doubtful plays." Thirteen leaves of the manuscript are older than the rest, and seem to be the original draft (a clean copy, written by a scribe) of the play which was submitted to Sir Edmund Tilney, the Master of the Revels, for license to act, and comments in his autograph occur on several pages. Corrections, interpolations, and additions, possibly by the author, were afterwards made in accordance with his suggestions. The manuscript was written, probably, between 1590 and 1596.

Perhaps the rarest book in Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's sale of July 13 is a copy of the first edition of Milton's "Comus," first printed in 1637, with the title, "A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634; on Michaelmasse night, before the Right Honorable, John Earle of Bridgewater, Vicount Brackly, Lord President of Wales, And one of His Maiestie's most honorable Privie Counsell." It is described as perfect and "a large clean copy," and is bound with other pieces. This "Masque" was Milton's first publication. The dedication is signed by Henry Lawes, who says that he is printing it because "the often copying of it had tired my pen." Only one copy has been sold at auction in this country, bringing $425 at the Ives sale in 1891. The Rowfant copy, which had portions of the last three leaves in facsimile, brought £162 at the Van Antwerp sale in March, 1907. The next earlier London record was £150 in the Mackellar sale in November, 1898.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The news of the death of Joel Chandler Harris, which occurred at Atlanta, Ga., Friday evening of last week, will bring a sense of personal loss to readers all over the English-speaking world. Few modern writers were more widely known, still fewer will be remembered more affectionately. His popularity was due chiefly to the dialect stories founded on bits of negro folklore, and filled with imagination, delightful simplicity, and characteristically quaint humor, but he had also a large body of other readers for his more ambitious stories and his miscellaneous writings. His literary success was largely the result of native genius and youthful associations. He was born in December, 1848, in Eatontown, in middle Georgia, and enjoyed no educational advantages beyond those to be gained in a few terms at the academy in that village. But he had a liking for books, and read all that he could lay his hands upon after he was six years old. It is said that even at that early age he could appreciate the charm of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and that he was from the first an earnest student of Elizabethan authors. At the age of twelve years he heard that Col. Turner wanted a boy to learn the printer's trade in the office of *The Countryman*. So Joel applied for the place and the colonel, who was a book lover and a discerning man, promptly engaged him. The boy here had the run of his employer's library, and it was in this way that he got what was in one sense a liberal education.

He was still only a boy when the march of Sherman through Georgia brought the civil war into his neighborhood and disturbed the peace of Eatontown. When the war ended, Georgia was in a chaotic condition, and young Harris sought and found employment on the press—successively in Macon, New Orleans, Forsyth, and Savannah. While in Savannah he married Miss La Rose of Canada, and he was winning fame when the yellow fever scourge struck the city in 1876, and almost decimated the population. This dreadful visitation was the cause of his removal to Atlanta, where he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Constitution*. Soon Mr. Sam W. Small, the writer of the "Old Si" negro dialect sketches for that paper, resigned, and as the articles had been very popular, the new editor was requested to try his hand at something in that line. He felt doubtful, but in his boyhood on the Turner plantation he had spent night after night listening to the folklore tales of the negroes; and, as he had never seen them in print, he decided to give a few to the public as an experiment. In the course of a few weeks the "Uncle Remus" sketches attracted attention everywhere, and were widely copied. Their author was encouraged to continue his work, which resulted in the volume entitled "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings." In 1883 was published "Nights With Uncle Remus"; in 1884, "Mingo and Other Sketches in Black and White"; and in 1887, "Free Joe and Other Georgian Sketches." All these books were reprinted in England, where they have commanded a steady sale to the present day.

During these busy years, Mr. Harris was working hard at his editorial desk. For twenty-five years he continued in the active discharge of his editorial duties, while producing these creations of fancy; but as his fame increased, he gradually withdrew from office work, and devoted himself entirely to literary creation. His earlier successes were followed by "Aaron in the

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Wild Woods," "Tales of the Home Folks," "Georgia, from the Invasion of De Soto to Recent Times," "Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann," "The Making of a Statesman," "Gabriel Tolliver," and various continuations of the Remus tales, which seemed to be in perpetual requirement.

Mr. Harris in his private life was a most simple, unaffected, modest person, quite unspoiled by his good fortune, and always restless under any form of flattery.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since Dr. Sherman's letter in the *Nation* of May 14, with its fine tilting against the giants of philological method in literary study, there has been in your columns and elsewhere much brandishing of brains about the same subject. In almost every case, however, the exceptions taken to the position of Dr. Sherman have begged the question, or attacked him on the flank. The editorial on "A Graduate School of Authorship," which appeared in the same issue as the letter that called it forth, came to the conclusion that the chief purpose of the graduate school is to prepare teachers for efficient ministry to the needs of later students, and not authors for creative work. That, as Dr. Sherman retorts, in the issue of May 28, is his own idea, and he further proceeds to censure the present system by pointing out cases of inexcusable ignorance on the part of teaching doctors of philosophy whose information has supposedly been cast in the most rigid moulds of recent scholarship. On the same date was published the dignified letter of Professor Adams, with its assumption that there is a just distinction between culture and scholarship; the bland letter of Professor Matthews, wherein he accepted as literal an obviously exaggerated statement as to the fitness of men who become doctors of philosophy, which, if Dr. Sherman believes it utterly, does nothing but prove him a very modest man; and the indignant letter of Professor Keller, which took for its thesis two imprudent allusions to uninspired enumerators as "Darwinians," and forgot that Dr. Sherman's whole plea was for just some such lofty use of the imagination as Darwin typifies. Four weeks later Mr. Woodbridge suggested that the fault is not with the graduate school so much as with "the materialistic spirit of men who prefer the Ph.D. to the study of literature," or "the still popular fallacy that the degree is a certificate of training for teachers." In no case has the real kernel of the whole discussion been brought fully to light—the fact that there is not at present any common opinion among scholars and men of letters as to what the university's responsibility in the matter of literary study really is.

Now, it has been found by experience, as Professor Adams points out, that a backbone of hard work is ordinarily required if courses in literature are not to be considered mere child's play by many who take them. Consequently, in order to give such courses as much respect as is paid to those in science and mathematics, an attempt has been made to insist upon a large amount of philological and research work that has in time, like the ungrateful cuckoo, arrogated to itself strange rights. Its defenders are further characterized by the American weakness which would rather see a man build in three years a kennel for his immediate occupancy than lay the foundation of a noble mansion for his age. Being in this respect materialistic, and being further much in the majority, such teachers have forced it as an accepted convention upon several university faculties that only philological investigation or inquiry of a similarly scientific nature can properly be rewarded with the doctor's degree.

The truth of the matter is that the whole position of the champions of so-called "accurate scholarship" is founded upon a fallacy. They seem to assume that so far as the graduate student goes, nothing can be accurately known save facts of the lowest order. Yet any one with a sense of proportion ought to see that there are facts of different degree in the literary realm. It is one fact that Shakespeare wrote an execrably bad hand, and quite another that he was the author of "Hamlet." The names of all the novels in English between the death of Dryden and the appearance of "Waverley" are facts, yet he would be hopeless who could insist that the making of a complete bibliography of all the novels of the period would be as important for the writer or for his possible readers as a careful, intimate study of the critical theories which governed the novel-making of Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith. Such a study would be of equal value to the future teacher or the future novelist, and at the same time allow just as much training in the accuracy essential to a scholar as would the compilation of a mortuary book-list. There are some students, indeed, who prefer doing bibliographical work, just as there are those upon whom the undeniable fascination of the science of philology is strong, and they should be humored in the top of their bent, but they should not be allowed to think that they are doing literary work. The words "accurate" and "scientific" must be interpreted in the fullest, not in the narrowest sense, before they can rightly be applied to the study of literature. In real science "accurate" means the same when applied to the counting of the scales on a partridge's leg and when applied to the formulation of the law of gravitation; likewise anything that is characterized by the truth-seeking spirit of the scientist, is "scientific." Yet in literature these terms are maimed and distorted to the discredit of science and the degradation of literature.

Not until graduate schools learn that they must be able to give encouragement to the student with a tinge of genius, as well as to those of industry only; not until, on the basis of a sounder comprehension of what the scientific method is, the processes of literary study are so reorganized that it is no longer necessary for a student of literature to dispense with his degree that he may have time for his studies; not until it is recognized that in the graduate study of literature, culture and scholarship must be inseparable, can we hope for surcease from the assaults upon the giants of the present system. Nor should we forget that, for all the stolidity of giants, they sometimes come to grief because of their very inertia.

CARL VAN DOREN.

Urbana, Ill., June 27.

Notes.

W. A. Craigie has edited for the Oxford University Press a volume of Icelandic ballads on the Gowrie Conspiracy, under the title "Skotlands Rimur." The ballads were composed by Sjera Einer, probably about 1620.

"American Playgrounds," edited by E. B. Mero, will be published soon by the American Gymnasia Company of Boston. It is said to be a practical book, dealing with every aspect of the question.

From L. C. Page & Co. we are soon to have a book on "Servia and the Servians," by Chedo Mijatovich, who, at the time of the assassination of King Alexander in 1902 was Servian minister to the court of St. James.

Early in the autumn G. P. Putnam's Sons will bring out an English version of "The Century of the Child," by Ellen Key, the Swedish writer. The book has gone through twenty editions in Germany and has caused much talk. The same firm is preparing a posthumous volume by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland, to be called "The Constitutional History of England."

Funk & Wagnalls make the following preliminary announcement of books to be issued in the autumn: "How to Get a Position and How to Keep It," by S. Roland Hall; "The Call of the City," by David J. Burrell; "The Palace of Danger," by Mabel Wagnalls; "A Junior Congregation," by Dr. James M. Farrar; "A Common-Sense View of the Mind Cure," by Mrs. Laura M. Westall; "The Union Prayer-Meeting Helper for 1909"; "The Poetical Works of William Cleaver Wilkinson"; "Mind, Religion, and Health," by Robert Macdonald; "A Working Grammar of the English Language," by James C. Fernald.

Literary papers from abroad report that Tolstoy has completed a new novel, "After the Ball," the fundamental idea of which is the regeneration of love. The work is not to be published till after the writer's death.

Bertram Dobell (No. 21 Queen's Crescent, London, N. W.) has in hand a new life of Sydney Dobell, and requests the loan of letters and documents bearing on the subject.

The Macmillan Company will publish the following books in the autumn: "The Diva's Ruby," by F. Marion Crawford; "Friendship Village," by Zona Gale; "Helianthus," by Ouida; "The War in the Air," by H. G. Wells; "India: Its Life and Thought," by John P. Jones; "Alaska—The Great Country," by Ella Higginson; "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast," by Clifton Johnson; "Mars, The Abode of Life," by Percival Lowell; "Some Notable Altars," by the Rev. John Wright; "Concealing Coloration in the Animal Kingdom," by Abbot H. Thayer and Gerald H. Thayer; "French Prints," by Ralph Nevill; "Roses and Rose-Growing," by Rose G. Kingsley; "The Flowers and Gardens of Japan," by Ella and Florence Du Cane; "Ancient Tales

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and Folk-Lore of Japan," by J. Gordon Smith; "From Damascus to Palmyra," by John Kelman; "Kashmir," by Sir Francis Edward Younghusband; "New Zealand," by W. P. Reeves; "Southern Spain," by A. F. Calvert; "Geneva," by Francis Gribble; "The Inns of Court," by Cecil Headlam; "Moscow," by Henry M. Grove; "Isle of Wight," by A. R. Hope Moncrieff; "London in the Nineteenth Century," by Sir Walter Besant; "Seven Centuries of Lace," by Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen; "Silver Plate," by J. Starkie Gardner; "Sheffield Plate," by Henry N. Veitch; "A History of the United States," Vol. II., by Edward Channing; "History of the City of New York," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "A History of Rome in the Middle Ages," by F. Marion Crawford and Prof. Giuseppe Tomassetti; "The Ancient Greek Historians," by J. B. Bury; "History of the United States," by H. W. Elson; "Dictionary of National Biography," by Sir Leslie Stephen and Sydney Lee; "Documentary Source-Book of American History," by William MacDonald; "Statistical and Chronological History of the United States Navy," by Robert W. Neeser; "The Wilderness Road," by H. Addington Bruce; "The Story of New England Whalers," by John R. Spears; "The Story of the Great Lakes," by Edward Channing; "Faust: A Drama," by Stephen Phillips; "The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," by Curtis Hidden Page; "The Friendly Craft," by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom; "De Libris," by Austin Dobson; "Collected Essays," Vol. IV., by Frederick Harrison; "The Acropolis at Athens," by Martin L. D'Ooge; "Monuments of Christian Rome," by Arthur L. Frothingham, jr.; "The Evolution of Modern Orchestration," by Louis Adolph Coerne; "Herculaneum," by Charles Waldstein; "Social Life in Rome," by W. W. Fowler; "Greek Architecture," by Allan Marquand; "The Science of Jurisprudence," by Hannis Taylor; "The Government of European Cities," by William Bennett Munro; "As Others See Us: A Study in Progress," by John Graham Brooks; "Popular Participation in Law Making," by Charles Sumner Lobingier; "The State and the Farmer," by L. H. Bailey; "Principles of Taxation," by Max West; "Education and Industrial Evolution," by Frank T. Carlton; "The Principles of Anthropology and Sociology in their Relations to Criminal Procedure," by Maurice Parmelee; "Money and Banking," by David Kinley; "Wage-Earning Women," by Dr. Annie Marion MacLean; "Studies in the History of the New Testament," by Andrew M. Fairbairn; "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by Henry Churchill King; "The Educational Aim of the Ministry," by W. H. P. Faunce; "The Gospel and the Modern Man," by Shailer Matthews; "Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion," by Frank Byron Jevons; "The Elementary Psychology of Feeling and Attention," by Edward Bradford Titchener; "The Spirit of God and the Word of God in Modern Theology," by Frank C. Porter; "A Course of Study for the Kindergarten Grades of the Bible School," by Lois Sedgwick Palmer; "Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology," by Dr. Solomon Schechter; "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," by Edward Westermarck; "The Reformation in England," by James Gairdner; "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," Vol. IV., by L. H. Bailey; "Flying Machines," by Sir Hiram Maxim; "The Physiology of Plant Production," by Dr. B. M. Duggar; "Bacteria in Relation to Country Life," by Jacob G. Lipman; "Agricultural Soils," by Lyons and Fippin; "Forage Crops in the South," by Prof. S. N. Tracy; "Administration of Education in the United States," by Samuel T. Dutton; "The Psychology of Thinking," by Irving Miller.

Vol. XXIII., No. 2, of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America opens with an interesting paper by John W. Cunliffe discussing "Elizabeth Barrett's Influence on Browning's Poetry," followed by a paper by Edward A. Allen on "English Doublets." Milton A. Buchanan writes of "Segismundo's Soliloquy on Liberty in Calderon's 'La Vida es Sueño,'" and Frank G. Hubbard treats of the eternal "Undergraduate Curriculum in English Literature," F. M. Warren tries more certainly to fix "The Date and Composition of Guillaume de Lorris's 'Roman de la Rose,'" and John L. Lowes finds a theme in "The Date of Chaucer's 'Troilus and Criseyde.'" The well-prepared volume concludes with H. Carrington Lancaster's "Neglected Passage on the Three Unities of the French Classic Drama," and Raymond D. Miller's "Co-ordination and the Comma."

The reader who cares for his eyes will be gratified by the clear, black type, wide margins and the soft white paper of the Royal Library. (London: Arthur L. Humphreys.) Three recent volumes in the "belles lettres" series are "Maxims of Life" by Comtesse Diane, "Cleopatra" by Désiré de Bernáth, "Madame de Pompadour" by J. B. H. R. Capefigue. The maxims of the Comtesse are given in both French and English. The object of this very feminine La Rochefoucauld is expressed in the first of them: "It is not my desire to disillusionize men by forcing them to know themselves; I seek to interest them by affording them the pleasure of recognizing themselves." The "Cleopatra" and the "Madame de Pompadour" are historical studies written in a literary way around the lives of two of the world's most fascinating women. The "Cleopatra" omits the list of authorities, ancient and modern, given in the French version, and gives no hint of the translator. The "Madame de Pompadour" is also silent about the translator. None of these books contains a word of introduction. Though they are obviously not intended for learned readers, their interest and value would in every case be enhanced by a brief biographical or critical introduction. One never brings out a Shakespeare in these days without a short introduction making him known to the reader. In the popular audience to which these volumes are addressed, there will probably be more than one to whom even the versatile Capefigue with his hundred octavo volumes is a comparatively unfamiliar figure.

As a sportsman's manual "The Way of the Woods," by Dr. Edward Breck (Putnams), would be hard to surpass in its breadth and compactness of information, without sacrificing readability altogether. It is intended for the Northeastern United States and Canada, though most of it is applicable with but little change to a region extending much farther westward. In the matter of camp outfit, the author is not quite so strenuously exclusive as some, having no objection to comfort as such, even in the woods. The "tender-foot anomaly" of the folding bathtub, however, is beyond the limit of his toleration. The man who has not the stamina for a morning open-air plunge in stream or lake must content himself with a sponge-bath inside the tent. After dealing fully with the life of the camp, he takes up fishing, hunting, and trapping in turn, each with detailed attention to the necessary implements and the approved methods of their use. For the hunter who takes the chances of hasty shooting he has no toleration whatever. "You may find that your mark was a man, in which case go hang yourself at once, and rid the world of a criminal fool." While generally sound in the ethics of sport, he rather inconsistently comes to the defence of the repeating shotgun, or "pump gun," and of the automatic gaff. It is hardly enough to say that the "game hog" is born, not made by his weapons. The repeating shotgun has no qualities to commend it to any one who can content himself with clean sport, and the discriminating angler will cheerfully lose all fish that he cannot land without the aid of a steel trap, using the genuine gaff as infrequently as possible. A chapter on hygiene, medicine, and surgery, while short, is so definite, intelligible, and practical as in itself to commend the book to any one whose outing takes him beyond the range of easy access to physicians. In general, the frequency with which the author has seen fit to recommend the goods of definitely named business houses doubtless has its origin in the best of motives, but it is very easy to see that the literature of sportsmanship may suffer from such a precedent.

The British government has recently issued the fourth volume of its new series of the manuscripts of the House of Lords, 1699-1702 (1908). The first series, published under the auspices of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, carried the subject to 1693, and of that publication the new series is a continuation, being printed for the sake of convenience in the same form as the volumes already issued by the commission. The most important papers herein printed or calendared that relate to American history are as follows: No. 1,486, concerning the Scottish settlement at Darien; No. 1,503, concerning the importation of naval stores from Russia; No. 1,509, concerning the trade to the East Indies, in which many persons trading to Africa and the plantations were concerned; No. 1,634, concerning the reunion of the governments of several colonies and plantations in America to the Crown, with a large number of illustrative documents annexed; No. 1,645, concerning the naturalization of many French Protestants, some of whom had served in the West Indies; No. 1,717, tables containing abstracts of imports and exports to and from the English plantations, 1696-1699; No. 1,718, a report from the Board of Trade on the plantation trade, February 16, 1702, of great length (twenty-seven pages), and great importance. The illustrative documents annexed to No. 1,634, include nine letters from Quary, in Pennsylvania, written to the Admiralty and hitherto unprinted, though their essential contents are the same as are contained in Quary's letters to the Board of Trade.

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Accompanying these letters are many enclosures, touching the quarrel between Penn and Quary, many of which are new. These papers furnish a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the colonial history of tnat period.

We heartily commend Michele Scherillo's edition of Petrarca's "Canzoniere," which has recently been added to the admirable Biblioteca Classica Hoepliana (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli). The editor, whose scholarship is well-known, takes the autograph codex (Vaticano Latino 3195) for his text, and Rigutini's edition for his groundwork: but he practically dispenses with Rigutini and contributes a remarkable introduction of his own. His notes, brief, pithy, and sensible, will serve any reader who is not investigating textual variants, and, with the excellent type and paper, and the moderate cost, should make this the popular edition of the "Canzoniere."

M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla's "Le Détroit de Panama" (Paris: Dunod et Pinat) seems to suggest, in sporting phrase, that he is not a good loser. His book is a protest against the engineering solution adopted by our government for piercing the Isthmus. Whether he is right or not, is a question that must be left to the experts, but there can be no question that M. Bunau-Varilla has lost his temper (with more or less dignity, of course) because the solution recommended by him has been rejected. He has only himself to thank, if his argument does not altogether inspire confidence.

Ill printed and not over well written, Gen. Frédéric Canonge's "Jeanne d'Arc Guerrière" (Nouvelle Librairie Nationale) nevertheless commands interest from its subject. The purpose of the author is to show that so long as Joan retained liberty of action, her military instincts were sound, her means of execution correct, her action rapid and sure; in short, that from a mere professional point of view, her conduct of military operations stands the test of professional criticism. That her results were positive we know from other sources. In our opinion, the author has established his case, confirming the belief that the national heroine of France is perhaps the most extraordinary figure in secular history.

Maxim Gorki has ready for the press a new work called "Ispowjed" (Confessions). It is the story of the poet's youth.

Reclam's Universalbibliothek, begun in 1867 by Anton Philipp Reclam in Leipzig, which at an almost nominal price publishes in small booklet form the best literature, both German and foreign, in German translation, has recently issued the 5,000th part. It is an edition of Otto Ernst's stories and sketches, entitled "Vom Strande des Lebens."

Bernard Stern has published through the house of Hermann Barsdorf of Berlin the second volume of his "Geschichte der öffentlichen Sittlichkeit in Russland," a solid book of 652 pages, with twenty-one illustrations. On the basis of original investigation made by the author and from older and more modern reports, he describes particularly the dark sides of Russian society, from the Czar down to the lowest social strata. His work is divided into five parts, viz., Russian Cruelty, Women and Marriage, Sexual Morality, Prostitution, Folklore Documents. An exceptionally full collection of otherwise inaccessible data is here offered to the student of civilization and folklore.

Sperling's "Zeitschriften-Adressbuch," giving information concerning the periodicals and political papers of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, has now appeared in its forty-fourth annual edition for the year 1908. The publisher is H. O. Sperling, in Stuttgart, price 6 marks.

In the new second edition of the Festschrift, published by a company of leading philosophers in honor of the eightieth birthday of Kuno Fischer, and entitled "Die Philosophie im Beginne des 20. Jahrhunderts" (Heidelberg: Winter), an additional chapter on Naturphilosophie has been added by Prof. Theodor Lipps of Munich. This addition is all the more significant since the author does not, like the other contributors, content himself with a mere objective presentation of the *status quo* of the subject he treats, but from the standpoint of an objective idealism unfolds a new system of natural philosophy, aiming among other things at adjusting research in this department to scientific thought and investigation in general.

Ten different societies, national in character and finding their common aim in their antagonism to the Church and to traditional Christianity, have united recently in Germany to organize a Wiemarer Kartell. The purposes of the new union are three, viz.: (1.) Free development of intellectual life and resistance to all suppression of free thought; (2.) Separation of Church and state; (3.) Complete secularization of the schools. This organization is the answer of the Liberals to the establishment of the Kepler-Bund by conservative and Christian savants.

Recent events in the history of church and state in France have given a present interest to the long unedited "De Ecclesiastica protestate," written by the Mediæval philosopher, Egidio Colonna, better known as Egidio Romano. Manuscript copies of this work exist in a number of European libraries, and Prof. P. Giuseppe Boffita of the Instituto della Querce has recently discovered another among manuscripts, belonging originally to suppressed monasteries, in the Biblioteca Nazionale of Florence. This copy has now been published by the Successori Seeber of Florence with an ample critical introduction by Prof. Giuseppe Ugo Oxilia. The tract was probably written at the same time as Dante's "De Monarchia," and deals with the struggle between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities under Philip le Beau and Boniface VIII.

From Rome the death is announced of Henry Brewster, a cosmopolite born in France of an American father and an English mother, and educated entirely in France. He possessed a notable library in his Roman home, and his circle of friends included all that was most brilliant in the city. His writings are well known abroad, especially his metaphysical studies: "The Prisoner, a Dialogue," "The Statuette and the Background," and "Anarchy and Law." He had recently finished two dramas in French verse, "Les Naufrageurs," and "Buondelmonte," which are to be published in Paris, with a preface by the author's friend, Édouard Rod.

Walter George Headlam, fellow and lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, has died in his forty-third year. He contributed many papers on Greek subjects to the *Classical Review* and other journals, and wrote the article on Herondas in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." He was himself fond of composing in the Greek, thinking it easier to write poetry in that tongue than in English, and his recent "Book of Greek Verse" was a work of admirable taste and learning.

We note the death of two women novelists: Miss Mary Elizabeth Hawker ("Lanoe Falconer"), author of "Mademoiselle Ixe," "The Hotel d'Angleterre," and "Cecilia de Noel"; and Mrs. Benyon Puddicombe, known for "By Berwen Banks," "Garthowen," "Hearts of Wales," and other Welsh stories.

With the death of T. O'Neill Russell in Dublin the National Literary Society and the Gaelic League lose one of their most distinguished members. He had published plays and poems in English and Irish during the last twenty years.

The Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold Allen, for forty-one years professor of ecclesiastical history at the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., died yesterday at his home in Cambridge, at the age of sixty-seven years. Professor Allen was graduated from Kenyon College in 1862. He was ordained deacon in 1865, and the following year was ordained priest. From 1865 to 1867 he was rector of St. John's Church at Lawrence, Mass., and then he was appointed to a professorship at the Cambridge Theological School, which he had occupied ever since. Professor Allen was widely known as a theological and biographical writer. Among his works are "Life of Jonathan Edwards," "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," and "Freedom in the Church." The last named book, which was published as the result of the deposition from the priesthood of the Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey of Rochester, a friend of the author, caused much comment in the church at large. The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred on Professor Allen by Yale, Harvard, and Kenyon.

Jonas Lauritz Edemil Lie, the Norwegian poet and novelist, died at Christiania Sunday. The first collection of his poems appeared in 1864. His most widely known novel, "Lodsen Og Hans Hustru" ("The Pilot and His Wife"), was published in 1874. Among his other works were "The Foreseer," "Tales and Descriptions of Norway," and "The Bark Future; or, Life Up North." A three-act comedy, "Grabows Kat," was successfully produced in Christiania and Stockholm. Born at Egan, Norway, on November 6, 1833, as a boy Lie showed a fondness for the sea, and his parents feared for a time that he might turn to the sailor's life. At eighteen years old he entered the University of Christiania, and, after receiving his law degree, he started practice in Kongvinger, a small town in the south of Norway. Few writers have described a sailor's life so well as Lie. The Storthing decided to accord him a state funeral.

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RECENT VERSE.

The Pilgrims and Other Poems. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Privately Printed.

Lyrics and Landscapes. By Harrison S. Morris. New York: The Century Co.

In the Harbour of Hope. By Mary Elizabeth Blake. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Golden Hynde and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale. Boston: The Poet Lore Co.

From Quiet Valleys. By Thomas S. Jones, jr. Clinton, N. Y.: Browning.

Songs and Poems. By T. H. T. Case. London: David Nutt.

The Earth Passion, Boundary, and Other Poems. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Cornleigh, Surrey: The Samurai Press.

A Bundle of Myrrh. By John G. Neidhardt. New York: The Outing Publishing Co.

The Ivory Gate. By Armistead C. Gordon. New York: Neale Publishing Co.

Voices and Visions. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

The Last Robin: Lyrics and Sonnets. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Wild Honey from Various Thyme. By Michael Field. New York: A. Wessels Co. Importers.

Poems and Translations. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Troy: Pafraets Book Co.

Nowhere, perhaps, does the lack of literary authority, of an imposing body of sane criticism, make itself more wofully felt than in current verse. There are a number of young poets of abundant ambition, generous promise, excellent parts, with considerable metrical dexterity, and often with good material, but without direction or standards, ignorant of what they want, catching frantically at the skirts of any popular favorite or even more frequently rebelling from every guide and example. Such, indeed, is the confusion that it is difficult to find any satisfactory clue through their work; though as a matter of fact it is capable of rough division into two classes. There are, first, the picture-poets, those who try to assimilate poetry with painting and delight to think and speak of the former in terms of the latter, who are anxious about their contours and "tone-color," who copy from nature and the fine arts, who are vivid, graphic, and picturesque. And there are, second, the music-poets, who conceive in movements and themes, compose in symphonies, fugues, and sonatas, and are curious of the right note and the proper key. Rough as the classification is, it is nearly exhaustive; for of the intellectual and moral element in poetry, of poetry as a serious "criticism of life" there are hardly enough representatives to form a class by themselves. They are all "artists" of one kind or the other, these young poets; and the bulk of their work is pretty enough, ocularly, or aurally, with an occasional strain of earnestness and purpose blowing through it like the echo of a receding horn.

As one of the most interesting and extreme examples of the second or musical class of verse, Mr. Dole's "Pilgrims," written in commemoration of the touching of the Mayflower at Cape Cod, may be recommended to the curious. It is a lengthy composition of 165 pages, and of very miscellaneous contents, consisting of four "movements," each including a number of motifs or passages or whatever may be their technical designation, with their pace and rhythm rather superfluously indicated by such comments as *presto, agitato,* and the like—an odd instance of linguistic involution or *potenzierung,* as the Germans would call it. The general intention or pretension of the *opus* may be gathered from Mr. Dole's rather complacent observation that his volume contains the first application of "the symphonic form" to English poetry. But beyond this amusing transference of nomenclature and a kind of lowering of intellectual tone it is impossible to see anything characteristically musical in Mr. Dole's research or to take it for more than an entertaining experiment.

That poetry should be well sounding, that it should appeal to the ear as well as to the mind, no one will deny. And while the confusion of the two forms of composition is only tedious or vexatious, there is always a hearing for one who, respecting the distinction, knows how to make the most of the euphony proper to language as a means of expression. Of such a blending of sound and sense Mr. Morris's "Lyrics and Landscapes" supplies several happy instances. His poems have no great philosophical content, perhaps; but in his ode to "Night" he succeeds unusually well in a kind of eye and ear impressionism quite legitimate after its own fashion:

And lo! thy music blown on quiet reeds
  Amid the little rivers, where thy feet
  Wade first, when Even leads,
  With shaded torch, thy legionaries fleet.
Hearken unto the rhythmic beat,
  Down by the pebbles in some sedgy seat,
  Of atomies that blow—
  With fingers playing swift and sweet—
The lyrics of the vanished after-glow,
  The music that no mortal may repeat,
  Of grasses as they grow,
  And moon buds and the swelling wheat,
And scent turned into sound by witcheries they know.

Lean, with thy darkened coronet of stars
  Where hang the greatening fruits
  In summer's languid breeze,
And, thro' the black-enwoved orchard trees,
Listen! Vibrations, whimpers, sorceries;
  The muffled roll of elfin cars
  Across the enchanted turf; the glees
Of wood-nymphs at their mimicries,
And voices of old Dorian deities
  In many cadenced keys!

Nor, rhythmically considered, is Mrs. Blake's "Marching of the Grass" a bad illustration of what might be called the poetic instrumentation of a mood:

  O the marching of the grass!
  O the joy that comes to pass,
When the mighty, silent army, with green banners overblown,
Drags King Winter from his throne!
Conquers all his barren valleys, climbs the rampart of the hill,
Steals along by wayside hedges, fords the river calm and still,
Undermines the forest arches, overtops the castle wall,
Swift invading wins the cities and the hamlets brown and small—
  Till the whole broad world is captured;
  And the heart of man enraptured,
  Thrills with passion of delight,
  Sunny morn and dewy night,
As the joyous rhythmic measure marketh time for lad and lass
  To the marching,
    Marching,
      Marching of the grass.

In the class of picture-poetry Mr. Noyes's "Golden Hynde" deserves the preference, not only by the breadth of his canvas and the gorgeousness of his coloring, but also by the fact that he knows how to include in his composition something besides the mere splendor of vision. In particular is he fortunate in catching, as in his song "At Dawn," a little of the haunting regret and voluptuous melancholy which seems always to be inspired by the sight of the beautiful in nature:

How many years, how many generations,
  Have heard that sign in the dawn,
When the dark earth yearns to the unforgotten nations
  And the old loves withdrawn,
Old loves, old lovers, wonderful and unnumbered
  As waves on the wine-dark sea,
'Neath the tall white towers of Troy and the temples that slumbered
  In Thessaly?

When the mists divide with the dawn o'er those glittering waters,
  Do they gaze over unoared seas—
Naiad and nymph and the woodland's rose-crowned daughters
  And the Oceanides?
Do they sing together, perchance, in that diamond splendor,
  That world of dawn and dew,
With eyelids twitching to tears and with eyes grown tender,
  The sweet old songs they knew,
The songs of Greece? Ah, with harp-strings mute do they falter
  As the earth like a small star pales?
When the heroes launch their ship by the smoking altar
  Does a memory lure their sails?
Far, far away do their hearts resume the story
  That never on earth was told,
When all those urgent oars on the waste of glory
  Cast up its gold?

Though one of the rarer notes of current literature, this eternal nostalgia of the past, half-stifled by our self-complacency and our belief in human perfectability, is not entirely unvoiced to-day. Miss Teasdale, too, voices it rather well (though without Mr. Noyes's pictorial elaboration and richness of rhyme), in a sonnet to Sappho, remarkable, besides, for the unusual construction of the sestet:

Impassioned singer of the happy time
When all the world was waking into morn,
And dew still glistened on the tangled thorn,
And lingered on the branches of the lime—
Oh peerless singer of the golden rhyme,
Happy wert thou to live ere doubt was born—
Before the joy of life was half out-worn,
And nymphs and satyrs vanished from your clime.
Then maidens bearing parsley in their hands
Wound thro' the groves to where the goddess stands,
And mariners might sail for unknown lands
Past sea-clasped islands veiled in mystery—
And Venus still was shining from the sea,
And Ceres had not lost Persephone.

To the same order of the picturesque belongs Mr. Jones's "From Quiet Valleys"—much less vivid, to be sure, much lower and cloudier of tone, but attractive still by its sudden little sensuous touches. It is October, with

Her light feet tripping through the fallen leaves,

or Night ——

  On purple wings she cleaves the dusk,
    Far winnowing and silver-veined,
    Her sombre mantle rankly stained
  By juices of the moon-flower's musk—

or kindred aspects and seasons of nature which most inspire his volume and fill it with a kind of transparent violet shadow. While on the other hand in Mr. Case's "Songs and Poems" it is the etcher, the

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lover of heavy contrasts in black and white, who has come to predominate over the colorist. His "Death Rides in Darkness" is an extraordinary piece of chiaroscuro, full of violent atmospheric effects like a heavy thunder storm:

High rides the moon, but all the stars are hidden,
Gressed violets nestling 'neath the black-banked storm.
Wild roars the wind and all the stars are hidden;
And many a form
Of devil hastening hellwards through the storm
Sunders the gloom wherewith the stars are hidden;
And clear-seen suddenly, a giant form
Stands black against the moon,
Most imminent against the lucent moon;
Till as the stars, the holy stars are hidden,
He hides himself unholy in the storm,
The star-enfolding storm.
. . . . . .
Lo! Death, high-charioted, speeds through the heaven,
Stark in his chariot black against the moon;
Stars in his head that never shone in heaven,
And his fair crown all silver in the moon—
His crown of mothers' tears—
And round his throat love's withered roses, riven
From nerveless hands—mocked by the queenly moon.
So panoplied Death traverses the heaven,
While silver-seen, soft-silvered in the moon,
Glitters his crown of tears, of mothers' tears.
Behind, long silence, where the stars are nidden,
And far behind a strangled voice of woe:
Earth weeping for the children from her riven,
The strangled voice of earth's eternal woe.

In something the same way as this Mr. Ficke also shows a good deal of skill in interpreting the larger aspects of nature symbolically of humanity and the human spirit. Many of his applications, however, are cold and deliberate, ingenious rather than poetical. And like so many of his colleagues, he is at his best in such pieces as his "Monody in April," where he is able to visualize:

Were I a painter I would paint these marshes
With the sad mist upon them; the low shore
Of palest green beyond the mirror water—
A green thread on the gray of lake and sky.
And then, touching the brush most delicately,
I would add the mystery of the cold white rain
That falls at moments. And I think one bird—
A heron or a wild duck from the north,
Should hover like a leaf along the sky.

And yet fascinating as all these haunting strains and glimmering vistas may be—and there are few which have not charm of some kind to recommend them—still more satisfactory, because more genuinely lyrical, is the verse with sufficient emotion in it to purge away what is often at bottom only affectation or ingenuity after all—even though the passion may seem, as frequently happens, rather a matter of nerves than gristle. With this sort of feeling, a little forced and factitious, Mr. Neidhart's "Bundle of Myrrh" is a-tingle; and though it may seem at first as if the singer were straining a little impotently in the modern way to feel for the feeling's sake, yet the expression is not wholly feeble or insincere:

Dead Kin of mine,
O savage ancient Kin!
I call to you across the night of years,
I reach out groping toward you across the sea of centuries!
Mine eyes are dazzled with the light of Now;
Mine ears are weary with the babblings of the over-wise!

And in the nights I feel the breath of giant women;
I feel their coarse blonde hair about my face.
Their strong hands caress me.
Comforters of battling men are they,
Breeders of fighting men,
Sucklers of the big and unafraid!
Over our ancient temples are builded the cities of the Anæmic.
The gods of our old believing are fled.
And men of lesser dreams, hair-splitters and too wise,
Have builded little walls about a shriveled-up divinity!
While I—of ancient spirit and modern flesh—
Go blundering through the fragile scheme of things,
Feeling old loves and lusts and with a little voice
Shouting aloud rude snatches of old cries!

A little more conventional, though probably as full-pulsed, are the lines to Lancelot which Mr. Gordon, in his "Ivory Gate," puts into the mouth of Guinevere and which are unfortunately too consecutive for excision. While no less satisfactory in its own kind—in informing image and rhythm with the quieter, less passionate life of recollected mood—is Mr. Scollard's sonnet to a Dragoman:

I still can see him, lean and languid-eyed;
Beneath his fez his clear-cut features dun
With the swart touch of the Egyptian sun;
A trifle stooped, yet with a hint of pride;
I still can hear his soft voice like the tide
Of Nile at nightfall when the stars have won.
Their immemorial places, and begun
Their march across the desert, waste and wide.

I still can feel about him the strange spell
That dominates his land, a kindredship
With all inscrutable and ancient things,
And fancy, if he would, that he might tell
The secret of the Sphinx's sealed lip
And of the pyramids and mummied kings.

Fortunately for the balance of things, there still survive, among these practitioners of a modern and subtle art, a few followers of an older fashion—simple handlers of language, wholly careless of musical and pictorial effect, intent only on embodying a plain thought or "sentiment" in readable verse—like Mr. Wetherald, writing of solitude—and turning a good phrase indifferently and, as it were, by very virtue of their insouciance:

The man I cannot comprehend
Is he who dreads alone to be,
Who, if he cannot have a friend,
Would welcome e'en an enemy;

Who never knew the scholar's lust,
The artist's lone ecstatic day;
Who never strove because he must,
And not for praise or place or pay.

For some reason or other all the young Canadian poets like Mr. Wetherald—and their number is constantly increasing—are remarkable for their relative simplicity and ingenuousness, for a kindly, if rather naïve, feeling for nature in its more superficial aspects, and for a certain obviousness, as it would seem to most of us nowadays, in their sentiments. Partly for this reason, Mr. Field's "Mintha" is likely to appeal more tellingly to the sophisticated ear. Though not so very different in tone, it seems to have more point to it; it is faintly redolent, perhaps, of the lavender of the Greek Anthology and a "comely decadence":

Dark Mintha, purple-eyed, I love thy story—
Where was the grove,
Beneath what alder-strand, or poplar hoary,
Did silent Hades look to thee of love?
Mute wert thou, ever mute, nor didst thou start
Affrighted from thy doom, but in thy heart
Didst bury deep thy god. Persephone
Passed thee by slowly on her way to hell;
And seeing Death so sore beloved of thee,
She sighed, and not in anger wrought the spell
Fixed thee a plant
Of low close blossom, of suppressed perfume,
And leaves that pant
Urgent as if from spices of a tomb.

And finally, though slow and heavy as if blunted by disuse and doubtful of its appeal, the moral inspiration, the serious concern of things, makes itself heard again, severe and insistent, in Dr. Marvin's verses on Cleopatra's Mummy in the British Museum, like the clamor of a distant bell amid the tinkle of fife and lute:

A heap of crumbling bones,
Black with old Egypt's dust and grime;
A bit of shriveled skin;
And painted cloth,
Brittle from years,
And with bitumen stained.

Once were these crumbling bones
Clothed in a woman's beauty,
More fragrant than the breath of incense
Burned where tinkling bells,
And crystal fountains,
Filled with gentle music
The whispering groves of fair Dodona,
And the pale-eyed priestess
Breathed the hallowed air.
Here lies the dark-eyed daughter of the Nile,
Who nursed on golden bed,
The sucking asp.

The lonely shadows deepen,
And from the English sunset,
Dull and gray as sea-blown mists,
Dies the last flickering beam,
And all at length is still.
The visitors are gone:
The doors are closed:
The daughter of great Ptolemy,
In the London-town,
Slumbers unconscious of her shame.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Shoulders of Atlas. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

In the Aunt Sylvia of this tale Mrs. Freeman has produced another of her little masterpieces of New England portraiture. Sylvia and her mate are a grim, pathetic pair, troubled in their old age about many things, and about each other as much as anything. The story-teller, as usual, disdains to put a gloss upon their homeliness, their mental angularity, their reticence, their underlying emotional intensity, Henry's cherished grievance, Sylvia's almost savage fidelity to the course she has laid down for herself—of such tough strands the web of New England action is really woven. As long as Henry works in his shoe-shop and battles with his debts, he is reasonably contented with his grudge against the world. Solvency and a competency, depriving him of both work and grudge, make life a weary thing. As for Sylvia, she succumbs to a major temptation with the embittered thoroughness of her unco guid species. "Sylvia had the New England conscience, but, like all New England consciences, it was susceptible of hard twists to bring it into accordance with New England will." And the will is capable of altogether overbearing the conscience—for a time; for Sylvia's conscience inevitably triumphs, and her atonement is as thoroughgoing as the occasion deserves. The detail of her, the form and gesture and speech, are inimitable. A certain Miss Hart is suspected of poisoning a lodger:

"Arsenic in the peppermint!" repeated Sylvia. "You needn't tell me Lucinda Hart put poison in the peppermint, though I dare say she has some in the house to kill rats. It's likely that old tavern was overrun with them, and I know she lost her cat a few weeks ago. She told me so herself. He was shot when he was out hunting. Lucinda thought somebody mistook him for a skunk. She felt real bad about it. I feel kind of guilty myself. I can't

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help thinking if I'd just looked round and then hunted up a kitten for poor Lucinda, she never would have had any need to keep rat poison, and nobody would have suspected her of such an awful thing. I suppose Albion Bennett right up and told she'd bought it, first thing."

This has the true ring of rustic comedy; Mrs. Freeman is, as usual, less successful with her urban characters. The Rose who arrives to trouble the conscience of Sylvia is an unreal person, an odd jumble of the country maid and the woman of the world as seen in novels. She tries to borrow a lady's maid on her arrival at East Westland, and asks her astonished hostess if people are "formal" in that quiet village. For a time she is all upon the high horse, then suddenly lapses from her society lingo to such comfortable rural colloquialism as "You don't suppose he's taken suddenly insane or anything?" Her amour with the local high school principal is of very moderate interest; not so the daring and appallingly realistic study of the girl Lucy; a common type ignored by convention. Upon her frail shoulders the Atlantean burden of humanity assumes a peculiarly distressing form.

The Last Duchess of Belgarde. By Mollie Elliot Seawell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author of this light romance exhibits the old figures, and develops an old theme. The heroine, Trimousette, is the inevitable charming young girl, who, though quite silent, has a mind full of dreams and a heart full of love. At the opening of the tale, one of her dreams, to her astonishment and her delight, is on the eve of fulfilment. She is about to be married to the "dare-devil" Duke of Belgarde, the conventional hero of all romances, with whom she has become enamoured at first glimpse. She confidently hopes to regenerate her husband, whose whispered wickedness only adds to his attraction; but she finds her place in his affections usurped by the inevitable third person. Trimousette, however, has only to wait until the Revolution breaks out to reveal her courage, in contrast with the cowardice of her rival, whose love for the duke shatters with the first stir of danger. Trimousette aids her husband in escaping from prison; when he is taken again she goes to share his confinement and death; and she finds in the sacrifice of herself the way to her husband's heart. She does not, to be sure, enjoy for long the fruits of her devotion, since she and her husband are soon sent to the guillotine.

The characters, we may add, are mere paper dolls, the incidents few and not vivid. Yet despite the superficiality of plot and character, the tale has the merit of simplicity and lack of pretence.

Katherine Trevalyan. By Louise Maunsell Field. New York: The McClure Co.

This story is as English in quality as in name; and it is necessary for the reader to remind himself from time to time that the action is really supposed to take place in America. The circle in which we move is, to be sure, that pretty thoroughly Anglicized circle which gyrates between Fifth Avenue and Newport; and among such people there is little bothering with democracy and low characters. Chilton, Kavanagh, Dacre, Romeyn, Marrisford, are names which feelingly convince us what we should be; and the unique Dodkins, who is permitted to transgress these pages with his gross person and manners, is a Western portent as monstrous in his cis-Atlantic setting as he could be in London. Of purely local color, however, we have something like a glut in recent fiction. These people are recognizable enough as human types in their urbane trappings. Katherine Trevalyan is the girl cut off from her kind by wealth, courted but not loved, preyed upon by every sharper, social and other, and in danger of becoming hard and suspicious of her kind. Vernondee is the predatory beast who wins her for himself by feigned sympathy and disinterestedness. Kavanagh is the really disinterested and sympathetic male who appears upon the scene too late to rescue the maiden from the first consequences of her folly, but not too late to befriend the injured wife or to wed the unbereaved widow. A motor is the machine which capably mangles the villain when the time comes. The arch-villain of the book (for Vernondee is after all a poor figure of a scoundrel) is really Mrs. Dacre, later Dodkins—a veritable Becky Sharp as latter-day society knows her. The most engaging person in the story is certainly not Miss Trevalyan, a good deal of a stick when all is said, but good-natured, blundering, and incorrigibly innocent Jimmy Dane, a millionaire without fear and without reproach.

Diana of Dobson's. By Cecily Hamilton. New York: The Century Co.

Assuredly there is nothing new in the topic of the London shop-girl and her cold-blooded employers and the sordid conditions of "living-in." Nothing unsaid about the struggle for life of woman or man in the great London whirlpool. But though these, roughly speaking, are the themes of Miss Hamilton's story, she writes away from them, and gives her tale a quite original turn. For her heroine is a rebel, and when sudden fate puts a little money into her purse, she resolves not to put it by as she should, but to have one great gulping taste, a month long, of the world; to be well-clad, well-housed, well-associated, to travel and see cities and snow peaks. The month has its happy sequel, but a sequel secured in no obvious hackneyed way. The impression remains with the reader of a brisk little story written with perfect taste, while it is at heart a genuine song of the sons and daughters of Martha.

The Reaping. By Mary Imlay Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Nothing could be more conventional than the outline of this story. The background of present-day Washington, intrigues political and social, a spell-binding Congressman who is also a heart-binding gallant, a stormy-natured siren married to and tired of a member of the Cabinet, her husband giving diplomatic secrets to a half-foreign lady dimly supposed to be in league with Russia, a stern little moralist girl, a judge, an eminent portrait painter, with diplomats and gossips—the very catalogue itself bespeaks the usual. Nor in the construction of the story is there much to disappoint the expectation of a routine novel. Public and private aspirations, a hero caught between the opposing forces of an old love and a new, divorce, the reaping of a bitter harvest by the woman who makes her own happiness the aim of life—these convey scant message of novelty. Where credit for freshness is due is in the characterization. The figures are distinct and move easily along their allotted grooves. The gentle moralist, brought up refreshingly by her father, the judge, on "Old Testament Christianity," combines austerity and softness very humanly. The hero's alleged genius is not altogether palpable or his fits of self-abasement wholly credible, but his attitude toward his dilemma is sufficiently moving. The other woman, the most elaborate of the portraits, compounded of cruel caprices and sweet-natured inconsistencies, lives and moves and has a good deal of being. Perhaps the best drawn of all are the elderly women accessories. Various types of worldly-wise and worldly-foolish old dames show the author at her best.

The Government of England. By A. Lawrence Lowell. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

This is a sound piece of work. Its interest lies rather in detailed information, industriously gathered and painstakingly sifted, than in political philosophy. Professor Lowell is aware that his comprehensive method compels the inclusion of much dry matter, which he magnanimously advises the judicious reader to skip But we have found the arid sections few in which the irrigating knowledge and industry of the author had not produced good crops. Even in the second volume, which is mostly taken up with local government in England, one has a certain fascination if only in watching Professor Lowell cut his way through the immense jungle of overlapping jurisdictions and intertwined functions to make clear the exact status at each point. This part of his work, while the more repellent in form, at once represents severe labor and great usefulness. We know not where else to turn to find so clear and inclusive an account of the sucessive acts and grants of powers which go to make up English local government to-day.

Professor Lowell's *Beschränkung* to a single theme is well maintained. He dissects out his one topic neatly. The question he has set himself to answer is, How are Englishmen governed? And his answer is drenched in fact, with but the slightest infusion of history and theory. His method is, indeed, to recapitulate briefly the successive steps which have historically led up to present practice, but it is upon that practice that he expends his strength. He has given us literally a handbook of English government brought up to date. It sustains every test of accuracy. Indeed, with the full material and prolonged researches of the author, together with the advice and aid he has had from the chief living English authorities, it would be strange if his statement of the law and of custom were not practically impeccable.

If one were to hesitate a fault, or rather a defect in interest, it would be that Professor Lowell does not often enough make biography a handmaiden to his exposition of Constitutional rule and proce-

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dure. There are, indeed, many references to the Lives of English statesmen, but one misses the apposite anecdote with which Bagehot enlivened his page and drove home his point. Even the Austrian, Redlich, in his work on the Procedure of the House of Commons, has a greater readiness than Professor Lowell in quoting the actual words of public men to illustrate the matter in hand. What we mean may be seen in the chapter on the permanent officials of the civil service. That they are often the real rulers of England is convincingly set forth; but what may be called the personal literature of the subject has been ransacked for Professor Lowell by one of his student collaborators, Mr. Evan Randolph. He went through all the memoirs of colonial officials, and the letters and diaries and biographies relating to famous permanent officials, upon which he could lay his hands, and got together material which is both instructive and amusing. How enlightening, for example, to find an under-secretary in the Foreign Office writing that he thinks his chief, Lord Granville, "will not meddle beyond what is required to keep us clear of political slips." One can understand how it could be said of such a permanent secretary by an indignant Australian, "These colonies . . . have been really governed by a person named Rogers." Our point is that this plan of enrichment and annotation out of living experience might have been followed in other parts of these volumes with excellent results.

As they stand, however, they merit high praise. Accurate and full, they are also impartial and dispassionate. Professor Lowell is never a partisan. He weighs judicially the evidence, and sums up rather than gives judgment. This spirit is well exhibited, for example, in the discussion of municipal trading, where the facts and the arguments, on each side, are given with great detachment. So the relations of party to government, with comparisons of the intensity and effects of party spirit in England and the United States, are passed in review with singular poise as of a judge. It is not often that Professor Lowell is drawn aside into abstract speculation. One instance is where he says that it is scarcely safe to say that the royal veto is extinct, since, if a Ministry should fall after a bill had passed the Commons, and then the Lords should proceed to enact it against the wishes of the new Government, the royal assent might be refused. But this is a kind of reasoning about extreme unlikelihoods which is hostile to the political genius of Englishmen, who, as the author remarks, "usually succeed in confounding utterly all general principles, and making all general statements inaccurate." It is pretty certain that some other way would be found out of the *impasse* which Professor Lowell imagines than calling from the dead the old *le roi s'avisera*. Objection might be taken, too, to the statement that Mr. Balfour's resignation in 1905 "involved an acknowledgement, if not of the necessity, at least of the propriety, of withdrawing from office" when a series of bye-elections showed that the opinion of the nation was against the Government. Anson, who, besides being a writer on the English Constitution, was himself a member of Balfour's Government, declares that the reason the Prime Minister resigned rather than meet Parliament was that he had no legislative programme to present. But it is invidious to raise minor questions about a work which moves on so strongly and surely in a difficult province of investigation, and which puts both students and public men under such real obligation.

Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James. By His Colleagues at Columbia University. Pp. 610. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

This beautiful volume is an honor not only to William James, but to the contributors. These nineteen members of the philosophical and psychological staff, not of Harvard but of Columbia, claim him as a colleague because each acknowledges a debt to him as an inspiring teacher.

But Professor James is more than a teacher; by nature he is an artist; had he followed his early inclinations he might have become a distinguished painter. It is of the essence of great art that it appeals to men of diverse types; and one cannot but feel that it is largely due to Dr. James's artistic side that he is able to compel the sympathetic following of so many men who differ from him more or less radically. We are therefore not surprised to find these essays widely diverse in point of view, in subject, and in quality. Yet no one of them would be what it is had not the master lived and written. One of James's own personal characteristics is exemplified in the philosophical division of the "Essays," a number of which are strikingly realistic in word, while idealistic in manner and tone. William P. Montague in his "Consciousness a Form of Energy," is the one bold realist of them all. Dickinson S. Miller explains in language flavored with idealism the nature of "naïve realism." George S. Fullerton in "The New Realism," shows us, as he has in other writings, why being an idealist he prefers to be called a realist. Frederick J. E. Woodbridge in his "Perception and Epistemology" argues that the epistomological problem is not necessarily bound up with perception; *i. e.*, that the realist may close his ears to the questions in relation to illusion put to him by the idealist. Thereby Professor Woodbridge tacitly acknowledges that the idealist's questions are not answerable in the terms he likes to use. Charles A. Strong calls himself a realist, but the argument of his "Substitutionalism" carries us so far away from realism of the naïve form that we feel impelled to ask for his doctrine some quite new name.

Turning to the doctrine called pragmatism with which Dr. James's name has been so closely connected in late years, we find important essays by John Dewey, G. A. Tawney, Kate Gordon, and Edward L. Thorndike; while erudite philosophical criticism is represented by A. O. Lovejoy, Felix Adler, H. G. Lord, and H. C. Brown; and equally erudite psychological studies by such men as R. S. Woodworth, and J. McK. Cattell.

Within the brief limits of a review we are, of course, unable to do justice to the mass of learning and original thinking covered by these "Essays," some of which we cannot even mention. The outline above will indicate, however, the breadth of the field and will suggest the intense interest of the collection. We may add that the volume contains as a frontispiece an excellent portrait of Dr. James.

Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. By John S. Mosby. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

Col. Mosby's analysis of the movements of Stuart's cavalry in the Gettysburg campaign, in its originality of view and construction of the evidence, is as far removed as possible from those volumes of general history relating to the civil war by authors for whom all previous writers on the subject are authorities, and one book has about as much value as another. Col. Mosby goes against all the accepted authorities; he takes to task all of Lee's biographers and staff officers; he makes raids in all directions upon historical positions, and he fires volleys here and there, some of which are effective and some of which go off harmless into the air. His main contentions are:

(1.) That Stuart's movements from Virginia around the rear of Hooker's army into Pennsylvania was by Lee's order, which necessarily separated Stuart from Longstreet and fixed his objective with Ewell near the Susquehanna.

(2.) That A. P. Hill and Heth went to Gettysburg on July 1, without orders or authority, and blundered into a contest which involved Lee in a battle that he did not want to make.

Incidental to these two assertions are a number of minor positions taken by the author. He holds, for example, that Stuart's absence from Lee's army until the battle had begun did nothing to promote Lee's defeat; that Stuart could have given Lee no important information which Lee did not have without him; that the historic story told by Longstreet of the spy who was credited with bringing the news that Meade had succeeded Hooker and the Union army was north of the Potomac, is a myth; that Heth did not start to Gettysburg on July 1, to get shoes; that Lee signed his first report of Gettysburg without reading it; and that Lee's failure to press the battle on July 1 was because his plan not to bring on a fight had been overturned by his subordinates Heth and Hill.

The author begins with the battle of Chancellorsville; and, in common with nearly all writers, in assuming that Jackson's fall alone prevented the Confederates from cutting Hooker's communications with United States ford, ignores the fact that Meade, commanding the Fifth Corps, immediately sent a division on the double quick to cover the road to the ford. The description of the cavalry battle at Brandy is not convincing, and needs to be compared with Gen. Gregg's recent account of it printed by the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Loyal Legion. Col. Mosby maintains that the Confederate infantry were not discovered by Pleasonton's cavalry; but the day after the engagement Pleasonton said that Confederate infantry had been encountered, and that he was satisfied that there was a strong Confederate infantry force at Culpeper, which was true.

Sometimes Col. Mosby fails by considering the situation only from the Stuart point of view. For instance he suggests that

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Stuart prevented Gregg from falling upon the Confederate left at Gettysburg. In fact, Gregg's orders were to see that Meade's right and rear were not turned without notice; Stuart himself said that he had hoped "to effect a surprise upon the enemy's rear." This purpose Gregg's stout battle, with a force smaller than Stuart's, defeated. Likewise the declaration that Reynolds's action in supporting Buford was a blunder is too quick a jump to a conclusion. Reynolds had hardly arrived on the field when he was killed. What his purpose was is unknown. That he contemplated anything more than a temporary holding of the weak and untenable position in front of Gettysburg, which Howard unfortunately sought to extend afterwards, is improbable. The author also exaggerates the impression made upon Meade by rumors of Stuart's movements. Meade told Halleck while these rumors were coming in that he would have to view such excursions with equanimity. He threw his cavalry out to the right and left, and presently Buford located Lee's infantry.

Col. Mosby's book would have been stronger if a number of similar judgments had been excluded, and he had confined himself to his main contentions. Pleasonton's name is uniformly misspelled.

Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen: Reminiscences of the Civil War, with special Reference to the Work for the Contrabands and Freedmen of the Mississippi Valley. By John Eaton, Brigadier-General, Superintendent of Freedmen, Department of the Tennessee, etc.; in collaboration with Ethel Osgood Mason. Pp. xxxviii. + 331. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

This book makes a real contribution to our knowledge of the actual process of emancipation and of the two men who did most to compass it. The earlier chapters may be regarded as a sort of amplification of Grant's own brief account in his "Memoirs" (Vol. I., pp. 424-426) of the plan he adopted to deal with the great numbers of negroes who had either abandoned their masters or been abandoned by them and who were within the Union lines and in the neighborhood of the Union armies. On November 11, 1862, being then at La Grange, Tenn., Grant ordered "Chaplain Eaton of the Twenty-seventh Ohio Infantry Volunteers" to take charge of the "contrabands" and set them to work on the plantations in the vicinity. In the summer of 1885, a few days before Grant's death, Gen. Eaton called at the cottage at Mt. McGregor and was sitting on the piazza talking with the ladies of the family when a door opened and Grant himself came out, very pale, and with the lower part of his face carefully covered with a bandage. Eaton rose to retire; but Grant, with "that characteristic gesture—the beckoning with all the fingers of his hand as it hung loosely at his side"—detained him, listened a moment to his expressions of sympathy, and then wrote on a tablet:

I am very glad to see you, and wish I could have some conversation with you. I should like to have see [sic] you something about our use of, and utilizing the negroes down about Grand Junction, Tenn. In writing on that subject for my book I had to rely on memory. No doubt there will be some mistakes, though they would not be so bad as errors in the military part—I intended submitting that part to you, but I was so ill while writing it, and so anxious to get through, that I did not have time. The first volume is now in print.

That was the beginning and the end of a very noble chapter in Grant's life—perhaps the noblest of all; and it has never before been told so well as Gen. Eaton tells it. Ben Butler receives due credit for really originating Grant's policy with the refugee negroes when he hit upon the idea of treating them as contraband, since as slaves they would help to keep the Confederate armies in the field. But it was Grant, with Eaton as his chief subordinate, who established the policy by putting it in practice on a large scale. Perhaps there is too much adulation in Gen. Eaton's telling of the story; but Grant would have been fortunate if all his admirers had praised so intelligently.

Lincoln appears rather as seconding Grant's work than as the originating mind. But without his instant sympathetic comprehension and thoroughgoing support the work might easily have languished. Incidentally, Gen. Eaton's relations with him seem to have become as intimate as with Grant; it was Eaton whom Lincoln, in the summer of 1864, sent to Grant at City Point to ascertain if he were lending an ear to the politicians who wished to make him a candidate for the Presidency. There are in the book pictures and stories of both its heroes which seem to possess us of the real quality of their greatness; and again it appears that in the case of these two Americans the essence of greatness was great-heartedness. Like nearly all perspicacious writers on the period, Gen. Eaton finds Charles Sumner wofully wanting when weighed in the balance with either of them.

Besides helping Gen. Eaton in giving acceptable literary form to his reminiscences, and in verifying statements of fact, Miss Mason has contributed a good introductory sketch of his own life.

In Spain. By John Lomas. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The Soul of Spain. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.

These two volumes are excellent exemplars, each of its kind, but there can be no question which kind is the one worth while. Mr. Lomas's book is a partly remade and freshened edition of his "Sketches in Spain, from Nature, Art, and Life," which dates from 1884. It is a full but utterly uninspired account of what the traveller would encounter in passing from the Spanish frontier at San Sebastian to Cadiz in the South, and thence from one to another of the Mediterranean seaports, up to Barcelona; afterwards, to Zaragoza, Bilbao, Leon, and Santiago. Many good photographs are more enlivening than the narrative, and a well-made and useful map is folded in after the index. The whole, however, is thoroughly pedestrian. Scarcely one illuminating remark is met with in the 344 pages. There is not even anything absurd, or glaringly incorrect, to flag one's interest.

Havelock Ellis, on the contrary, in the essays which he has brought together under the title, "The Soul of Spain," is the writer who interprets rather than describes. He is as industrious and patient as the next man in amassing material and accumulating observation, but he does not fling the details at one. He has pondered them, and what he gives his readers is the result of his thought—always philosophical, often deeply suggestive. His best chapters are the two on "The Spanish People" and "The Women of Spain." We have nowhere read a more fascinating attempt at Spanish psychology. The first impressions of the tourist, and, indeed, the lasting impression of many foreign residents, is the immense diversity of racial strains and manifestations of character in Spain. Ellis pierces towards the underlying unity. Long study and close scrutiny have convinced him that Spanish traits "coalesce into a more harmonious picture than is sometimes represented"; and it is that which he seeks to present in his brilliant sketch. His detection of typical qualities is sure, and his blending of them masterly. We can but instance the pages in which he illustrates the truth that "a perpetual insistence on suffering and death" is a part of the very texture of the romantic spirit of Spain. The light this throws, for example, upon Spanish art, is obvious to any one who looks at the repulsive yet prized canvasses of Rivera and Zurbarán.

One seldom catches Mr. Ellis tripping over a fact, yet he seems to have been too hasty in concluding that "the Spanish are, perhaps, the only audiences in Europe who still talk loudly and persistently during a concert." But he should have gone to the Teatre Real, when it was crowded at one of the concerts of the Madrid Philharmonic, and heard the angry hiss that ran through the galleries if any one ventured so much as to whisper or to cough when the orchestra was giving Tchaikovsky. This is a trifle. The book, as a whole, both pleases and stimulates. A certain amount of repetition, with an occasional appearance of contradiction, is involved in collecting the articles published at different times, but the net effect is scarcely impaired thereby. We can only hope that Havelock Ellis may be spared to complete his Spanish studies, and to give to the world his rounded interpretation of the genius of Spain. The subject is worthy his powers, and it has never been dealt with adequately.

Science.

Handbook of Flower-pollination. By Dr. Paul Knuth, translated by J. R. Ainsworth Davis. New York: Henry Frowde.

This is a second volume. The first, devoted to the history of the subject and dealing with its terminology and technique, has been already noticed in our pages (Sept. 27, 1906, p. 270) as an interesting and useful book. The volume now issued describes observations of flower pollination made in Europe and in the Arctic regions on species belonging to the great group of natural families commonly called polypetalous, together with a few which are gamopetalous. It is filled with facts indispensable to the student of biology and helpful to every serious amateur.

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It cannot honestly be called interesting to the general reader: nevertheless, the general reader can make of it a good deal of use in examining plants from the new point of view.

This new point of view consists in the recognition of differences between plants, no matter how slight, and the grading of these differences in some regular order. Even the most casual observer can arrange them so as to give them expression in some graphic form, for instance, in certain curves. These differences vary in degree so widely that one must find terms expressive for all the grades. Hence have arisen the familiar terms, class, family, genus, and species, all of which have been long in use. But the differences below the grade of species have been almost neglected until within recent times. They have been, and are still, called varieties, races, forms, and the like, but the degrees have not been strictly noted. It is at this point that the new studies begin, and it is just here that such books as that of Knuth are of service to student and general reader alike.

If we have before us a field of some common species, buttercups, thistles, daisies, or what not, and set ourselves seriously about the task of detecting and recording even the slightest differences, we shall be surprised to see how wide is the range. Now if the observer will carefully bear in mind the distribution of these differences, and will then watch closely the behavior of the insect visitants, he will see that the insects carry the fertilizing pollen apparently with little discrimination from one flower to another (always, however, of the same "sort"). Knuth's treatise is of assistance in indicating the visitant, and in showing how he effects the transfer of pollen. When this is clearly understood, one begins to realize that this transfer of pollen is practically a levelling process. It tends to repress or suppress eccentricities, and thus preserve the type. It is the most impressive illustration of the care with which nature endeavors to retain the type, even if she is careless of the single life.

There are some instances in which the flower is so constructed that the pollen cannot leave the floral envelopes, but must fertilize the ovules in that flower. Such cases are rather uncommon, and they mark the extreme of close-fertilization. Next would come the near-by flowers on the same stalk, or in the same cluster, for instance, in a thistle, and then follow the different grades, more or less akin, which we have mentioned, until we reach at last the limits of the genus. When there happens a fruitful transfer of pollen between two species within the limits of the genus, a true hybrid is produced. If there is a fruitful transfer of pollen between two well-marked varieties of a species, the result is generally called a cross-breed, although the word hybrid is too often loosely applied to it. The agents by which pollen is carried from one form to another appear, as we have said, to work in an undiscriminating manner, with the general result of maintaining the integrity of the type.

It is at this point that the new studies begin the work of separation. They have for their object the determination of results in the different transfers, instead of looking upon them as a simple averaging up or down, as the case may be, of a host of variations. The impulse to it came from the independent action of several biologists who began to take exact measurements of differences. They had not proceeded very far, before it was discovered that a suggestion in regard to this sort of work had been made a good while ago, in an unexpected quarter. It was found that in an obscure place the results of a great number of carefully conducted and truthfully recorded experiments in this field had already been published. And, furthermore, it was seen that the conclusions reached by this forgotten observer, J. G. Mendel, were extremely suggestive; among them some which aid in predicting the results to be obtained in certain crosses and in certain generations. The application of Mendel's work to the study of the innumerable crosses brought about by insects and the wind, and so on, is likely to be one of the most absorbing studies of the immediate future. And in this study Knuth's vast array of facts will be of incalculable assistance.

Two things will strike a botanist as he looks over this volume, namely, the use of the word Order in place of the term Family, and the use of the older sequence of families, now generally abandoned for one more natural. But these two blemishes will not materially interfere with the good which the book will do.

This month Henry Holt & Co. will publish an untechnical history of "Biology and Its Makers," by Prof. William A. Locy of Northwestern University.

In the twelfth Annual Report of the New York Zoölogical Society we have for the first time a comparative table of the various Zoölogical Gardens of the world. In total number of living specimens New York leads with 4,034, this preëminence being made possible by the Bird Department which numbers 2530 specimens as against 2,176 in Berlin and 1,665 in Hamburg. London comes fourth with 1,621. In total number of species New York is fourth on the list with 865. The three long established European Gardens with larger numbers of species of mammals, birds, and reptiles are Hamburg with 889, London with 1,268, and Berlin with 1,297.

The Keplerbund, the German society recently organized to promote an interpretation of the phenomena of nature in harmony with Christian ideas, has begun the publication of a series of brochures entitled Naturwissenschaftliche Zeitfragen (Hamburg: Gustav Schloessmann). Five pamphlets have appeared: "Unsere Weltinsel: ihr Werden und Vergehen," by Dr. J. Reim; "Die Welt des unendlich Kleinen," by Prof. H. Gruner; "An den Grenzen des Lebens," by Dr. A. Brass; Über den Bau der Knochen," by Dr. E. Müller; "Das Wesen der Gärung- und der Fermentwirkungen," by Prof. A. Mayer.

"The Vegetable Garden," by Ida D. Bennett (The McClure Co.), is a thoroughly sensible and useful book, designed for those who are within reach of a little land near their homes which they can cultivate in scanty leisure. But it is much more than this. It gives also plain directions for the preparation of the vegetables when they are ready for the cook, although these culinary aspects of the subject are not so much as alluded to on the title-page. There are few avocations more illusory than the care of a home garden. The hard, rough treatment of the soil is back-breaking, the constant fight against plant enemies is heart-breaking, and consequently a great deal of enthusiasm is required to bring the harvest through. And when one compares the cost of the potatoes and squashes which one raises with those which the peddler brings to the door for sale, a large part of this enthusiasm is apt to disappear. It is just for the purpose of helping the weak-hearted that this book has been prepared. Considerable emphasis is laid upon the fact that the cheap vegetables purchasable at one's door are often the wilted left-overs from the marketplace, and, furthermore, that they are not unfrequently open to suspicion on account of the substances with which they may have been sprayed. This handy volume tells one how to employ simple methods for the treatment of the soil and seeds and seedlings, and the best processes for guiding kitchen-garden plants through periods of peril from their innumerable foes. Almost any suburban commuter might use this volume effectively, and excite keen envy in the breasts of his fellow commuters who work along the old lines of greatest resistance. The selections of vegetables here given might be improved in certain ways, but, on the whole, the choices are good, and the hints for the kitchen are extremely suggestive.

Drama and Music.

Gabriele d'Annunzio is composing in honor of Rome for the jubilee of 1911 a trilogy on an extensive scale, depicting the Rome of the period of the Kings, the republic, and the Imperial age. The trilogy is to be given in the Teatro Stabile.

The Italian dramatist Alfredo Testoni has just completed a play, the hero of which is the swan of Pesaro, Gioachino Rossini. In the fourth act, which takes place in March, 1860, in Paris, the author introduces Richard Wagner in a leading rôle.

The distinguished dramatist of Stockholm, Franz Hedberg, has died at the age of seventy-nine. He has to his credit more than eighty plays, many of which still hold the stage, besides stories and theatrical sketches.

Mascagni is still manufacturing operas by wholesale, but little is heard of them outside of Italy. A few weeks ago he definitely decided upon the libretta for his new opera, which he proposes to complete in six months, in order that it may be produced early next year. At the same time he has been negotiating with a French publisher concerning the composition of a three-act opera, to be produced in Rome, in 1911, during the celebration of the jubilee of the proclamation of Italian unity. His last opera, "Amica," has lately been given at a number of Italian cities under his own direction. "In his absence," as a Milan correspondent writes, "the success of these renderings of his work would have been by no means certain, but so great is his personal popular-

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ity that a warm reception for the composer and his opera is everywhere assured."

Bad airs may keep people from a concert hall or opera house, and so may bad air. In the opera house at Stuttgart experiments have been made with an "ozonator," which is said by the action of chemicals to purify the air. The singers say it helps to keep their voices in good condition, while the hearers, instead of being fatigued to the point of somnolence, remain fresh, wide awake, and eager to come again. It is getting to be understood that many a singer and player owes his failure in this or that city to the fetid and depressing air of the hall in which he has to appear. "I am not a palm tree!" Hans von Bülow once exclaimed in protesting against the hot and sultry atmosphere of a hall he had to play in.

C. A. Bratter, who used to be musical critic of the New York *Staatszeitung,* has an article in the *Berliner Zeitung* which indicates that music in Constantinople is in about the same condition as in some American cities. The few genuine musicians living there have, he says, found so little encouragement that they have given up appearing in public, "leaving the field to the numerous self-appointed 'professors' and virtuosos. These dubious individuals make up the whole music-life of Constantinople, set the style at the amateur concerts, shrug their shoulders derisively if the names of real artists like Godowsky and Burmester are mentioned, and educate the younger generation to be the same kind of charlatans that they themselves are. It is really pitiful." Equally amusing are the players at the so-called operatic performances given occasionally. They are the very riffraff of the profession, who cannot even play simple dance music well; yet they "know it all," and refuse to take any instructions if they happen to be placed under an expert like Paul Lange.

The publisher of Strauss's "Salome" and "Electra," Adolf Fürstner, recently died at Nauheim. He was one of the most prominent of the Berlin publishers. Among the foreign works issued by him were the operas of Leoncavallo and Massenet. Years ago he took over from Meser the early operas of Wagner.

Art.

THE RIDDLE OF THE VAN EYCKS.

Hubert and John Van Eyck, their Life and Work. By W. H. James Weale. New York: John Lane Company. Pp. cxiv., 219. 41 photogravure plates and 99 other illustrations. Limited ed. of 400 copies. $30 net.

When it was known that the veteran investigator of the early Flemish school would publish an elaborate work on the van Eycks, expectations were naturally high. Mr. Weale combines the merits of the documentary and what we may call the critical schools, and aside from his numerous contributions to pure scholarship has, in his biography of Memling, produced a very useful and eminently readable work of popularization. We must confess to a certain disappointment in reading the present beautiful volume. It is to all intents and purposes what the Germans call a *Grundriss* of the subject, if its superb press work, illustration, and high price make it an anomaly in its sober class. It begins with a chronological display of original documents and passes through an elaborate bibliography, to a succinct biographical chapter. Then the bulk of the book is devoted to a catalogue *raisonné* with bibliographical *excerpta* of all the pictures by or attributed to the van Eycks. At the end, besides a full index, are a few general observations on Mr. Weale's method of distinguishing authentic from merely attributed works.

At first sight, there could be no greater boon to the student who happens to have a long purse or a library near than a treatise on a topic of capital importance which sticks severely to business and offers illustrations of a size and quality to serve as a real aid to study. But in accuracy the work falls far short of the German standard. Errors of the press abound, mistakes of transcription are often in evidence; less venial blunders are not unexampled. Since a very full list of corrigenda has already been contributed by an *Athenæum* reviewer, we need not dwell upon this disagreeable topic.

We hasten to add that the book as it is is immensely useful. Everywhere one marvels at the range of Mr. Weale's information. His caution, too, compels respect. This very richness and variety of the book forbids us to follow it in detail. We shall rather examine his canon summarily, and then speak of some of the broader issues of the subject, expressly excluded from his plan. Eleven paintings (six portraits and five religious subjects) Mr. Weale regards as beyond cavil. These are all authenticated by documents or contemporary inscriptions, and, we may add, with trifling exceptions, by intrinsic quality as well. The list includes the Maelbeke triptych, an unfinished and subsequently mishandled work, which has often been questioned, but we think unfairly. The grandiose yet forbidding head of Canon van der Paele at Hampton Court is reckoned as genuine, though not included in the enumeration. It seems to us of a technic much later than the van Eycks'. Of the remaining twenty-six works discussed—a roster that includes such notabilia as the Rothschild, Louvre, and Dresden Madonnas, the St. Francis, which has passed from the Heytesbury to the Johnson Collection, Philadelphia, and the Berlin Man with a Pink, now rechristened a Knight of the Order of St. Anthony—Mr. Weale accepts practically all, regarding some, however, as copies of lost originals. In general, his attitude is cautious, for one of his authority almost unduly non-committal.

The subject itself, it must be admitted, makes for uncertainty. Our starting point is always the Adoration of the Lamb at St. Bavon's, Ghent. Of this glorious polyptych, we know, if we may regard as contemporary the inscription on the frame, that it was begun by Hubert, who died in 1426, and finished by John, in the year 1432, at the order of one Jodoc Vyt. To go beyond this and distinguish the share of the two brothers is sheer inference. Yet we may safely assume, since John in his independent works never shows any taste or capacity for elaborately ordered and carefully proportioned composition, that the actual design of the Ghent altar-piece is mostly Hubert's. Beyond this, it hardly seems safe to go. Mr. Weale believes that John invented nothing here but the stark figures of Adam and Eve and the minor designs on the backs of their panels. But if Jodoc Vyt, as the inscription implies, did not originally commission the altar-piece from Hubert, but acquired it in an unfinished condition, then the portraits of Jodoc and his wife can have formed no part of the original design, and must be attributed to John. For the work at large we remain in the unsatisfactory plight of having to regard it as Hubert *cum* John.

For Hubert Mr. Weale long ago proposed the test of deep religious feeling as compared with the relative perfunctoriness of John. On this basis the Three Marys at the Sepulchre of the Cook collection, Richmond, and the Dresden Madonna have been ascribed to Hubert, as well as the St. Francis of the Johnson collection. Of such a test one must say that it is highly subjective, and that connoisseurs, being frequently persons of limited religious imagination, are not in a position to apply it with certainty. We can take even less seriously Mr. Mark's interesting researches into the flora of the van Eyck foregrounds. Southern flowers might derive from a herbal, or even more probably from a travelled assistant.

In a certain massiveness of figure design, and studied beauty of arrangement in the Ghent altarpiece, it seems to us we have a criterion that may cautiously be used. This formal exquisiteness of arrangement and proportions is found in an even higher perfection in the Dresden triptych. Its spacing is so subtle that the architecture and figures, though their scale is mathematically preposterous, are convincing, taken separately, and blend in an extraordinary harmony. We may fairly say that in this respect the composition transcends the capacity of John as we find him elsewhere. A similar amplitude and ease of arrangement may be noted in the St. Anthony with a Donor, at Copenhagen, a picture which we have other grounds for regarding as the wing of a recorded altarpiece left unfinished in Hubert's studio. The actual painting seems to be that of a pupil. This special charm of arrangement is absent from the Three Marys, a truly delightful picture which seems nearly half a century later than Hubert's death; nor is it notable in the St. Francis, which has all the technical qualities of a fine example of John. When all is said, Hubert remains little more than the shadow of a great name to us.

John, up to a certain point, is a refreshingly tangible figure. There exist perhaps ten portraits, most of them attested by ancient and presumably authentic inscriptions on the panels or frames. These likenesses display a perfection of draughtsmanship and pigmentation, and an almost terrible revelation of essential character that forbid them to be confounded with any other portraiture whatsoever. And then we have an array of religious pieces, startlingly unlike in quality and sentiment, and often unequal in execution within the same panel, of which none but the tiny Madonna of Ince Hall, the van der Paele Virgin of Bruges, and the unfinished St. Bar-

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bara at Antwerp, seem fully accredited. Within this score of religious pictures of manifestly Eyckian inspiration, we are confident that a full half may fairly be ascribed to John himself, but a considerable doubt attaches to many of the most famous. Neither in the Rothschild Madonna nor in its obvious derivative at Berlin (a relation curiously unsignalized by Mr. Weale. See plates opposite pp. 110 and 144), do the figures have the authority we associate with John. The Madonna of the Chancellor Rollin, in the Louvre, is even more baffling. Its discrepancies with the assured work of the master hardly outweigh its evident analogies. Possibly we should conclude that the master availed himself frequently of the services of pupils. In any case, Mr. Weale's vacillations and the conflicting critical opinions he has conscientiously chronicled possibly represent not so much the futility of criticism, as the intricate nature of the subject itself. Mr. Weale's conservative opinions may well serve as an acceptable *via media* between the optimism of official cataloguers and the ultra scepticism of the late Henri Bouchot.

This diligent but unduly irascible scholar has hardly had his deserts. His undisguised chauvinism and intolerance of non-Gallic excellence, together with his occasional vagaries, have unduly discredited his constructive work. He spent the latter years of his life trying to prove that there never was in any true sense an early Flemish school of Flemish painting. The artistic antecedents of the van Eycks were, he maintained, not Netherlandish but French. We must regard their work as a splendid offshoot of the old school of Paris. Now it is a choice between accepting this artistic genealogy for the mighty brothers or none at all. The Flemish partisans tell us that John learned of Hubert, who so far as one can tell learned of nobody. To so impotent a conclusion Mr. Weale is reduced in the bare sentence he devotes to the artistic origins of the van Eycks. But it is as incredible that the admirable craftsmanship of these painters should have grown spontaneously out of nothing, without some sort of nurturing tradition, as it is that the painting of Antonello da Messina could be imagined without that of the van Eycks. And this nurturing tradition can have hardly been other than French, for there is absolutely no evidence of any other developed painting that could have influenced the two great Flemings. Moreover, the priority and affinity of the Miniatures ascribed to the Limbourgs is incontestable. It is glory enough for the van Eycks that they so far improved upon their teaching that immediately the Flemish offshoot became more important than the native stock. And yet it is fair to admit that but for the political and military prostration of fifteenth-century France, the artistic revival, fostered by the Burgundian dukes in the persons of John van Eyck and his followers, would presumably have encountered serious rivalry at Paris, Tours, Bourges, and Avignon. In view of the professional animosity between Mr. Weale and the late M. Bouchot such an admission was hardly to be expected in the present volume. All the more reason then why a reviewer should do justice to a most erratic scholar who yet occasionally struck fairly in the white.

Mr. Weale has passed without discussion the hackneyed theme of the Eyckian "invention" of oil painting. It must have been a temptation to do so, and yet in a book of reference we think his authoritative opinion should have been put on record. As a matter of fact the perennial debate seems to come down to a quarrel about words. Since Eastlake nobody has supposed, nobody at least who took the pains to inform himself, that either John or Hubert invented or discovered any pigment or any vehicle that was unknown to their predecessors. On the other hand, there is equally no doubt that they did invent a new and very fine technique which was universally admired and widely imitated. The artists of the time regarded them as miraculous innovators, and took them as models, and artists are not readily fooled in intimate matters of their craft. Just wherein this technical improvement lay it would be difficult to say without committing a kind of sacrilege upon the surface of an indubitable van Eyck. In a word, their vehicle seems to have been a singularly pure and elastic varnish which united perfectly with the pigment, dried rapidly and permitted the picture to be carried out with a minimum of over painting as if in one homogeneous enamel. In the brilliant and economical handling of these materials, the artists of the early Leyden school surpassed even the van Eycks. It has been surmised that amber was a chief component of this varnish, and certain restorers experimenting therewith have achieved excellent results. For art-lovers this slight rectification of the Vasarian legend of the invention of oil painting will be sufficient. Artists who would fain reproduce the inner glow and brilliancy, say of the Arnolfini portraits in the National Gallery, would doubtless welcome further and conclusive experiments.

We have merely suggested one or two lines of future research for which Mr. Weale's meaty book will serve as an indispensable point of departure. It is much to be hoped, though scarcely to be expected, that new documents may give us the birth years of the van Eycks. The first dated picture of John is 1432. But by 1422 he was already court painter to John of Bavaria, Count of Holland. In 1425 John van Eyck was sufficiently famous to be besought by Philip of Burgundy, who paid the expenses of the painter's moving from Bruges to Lille. Such honors imply maturity, but we lack as completely evident juvenilia of John, as we do, save the ambiguous altar piece of Ghent, the mature works of Hubert. Are these works lost, or merely strayed into the limbo of the "school"?

The Prix Nationale (often called the Prix du Salon), valued at 10,000 francs, has been awarded to Auguste C. G. Cornu, for his group in carved wood, Le Nid, at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. The Bourses de Voyage have gone to Mlle. Henriette Desportes, André Marchand, and Anthony Troucet for painting; to MM. Camus, Guillivic, and Pourquet, for sculpture; to MM. Janin and Imandt, for architecture; to Madame Destailleurs-Sevrin, for engraving; and to M. Lecorchemont, for decorative art.

At Christie's the following pictures, belonging to Mrs. Stern and others, have been sold: Drawings: J. M. W. Turner, Inverary, £367; A. Mauve, Returning from Work, £1,627. Paintings: C. Troyon, Le Marché du printemps, £787; T. S. Cooper, Canterbury from Tonford, £546; J. B. C. Corot, A Landscape, £577; C. Fielding, Bolton Abbey, £336.

The reports of the German archæological work done at Miletus are being published in special parts, entitled "Milet, Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen und Untersuchungen seit dem Jahre 1899," edited by Theodor Wiegand, and published by Georg Reimer of Berlin. Recently heft ii., "Das Rathaus von Milet," by Hubert Knackfuss, has appeared.

Miss Maud Cruttwell's "Guide to the Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) seems to be the first of a projected series of guides to the art collections of Europe. It is a guide book in the strictest sense—a book, not to read, but to refer to for necessary facts. It is a painstaking and apparently accurate piece of work, and should prove of great value to the traveller interested in art.

The death is announced of the distinguished Belgian sculptor, Jef Lambeaux. He was born at Antwerp in 1852, and studied in Paris, where he frequently exhibited at the Salon. Among his better-known works are La Guerre, La Charmeuse de Serpents, Le Mendiant, Le Pauvre aveugle, Les Passions humaines, and his Faune Mordu which was refused at the Liège Exhibition.

Finance.

Miss A. R. Hasse's "Index of Economic Material in the Documents of New York" well maintains the high standard set by previous volumes in the series published by the Carnegie Institution. This bulky work of 553 pages indexes a great wealth of material for the economic student. No less than seventy-one pages of references are required for the documents relating to the New York canals; thirty-six for those relating to banking; the same number for taxation; twenty-five for education; twenty-two for labor, and so on. Even then the "Index" deals only with the printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, special commissions, and Governors' messages, laws and court decisions being omitted, except in so far as they are found in the classes of documents above mentioned. May the Carnegie Institution speed the day when similar volumes shall be at hand for every State in the union.

Such an event as the recent panic always sets publishers and authors to furbishing up shop-worn wares that can be offered to the public as "timely." Frederick A. Cleveland has taken down from the shelf his "Bank and the Treasury" (Longmans, Green, & Co), and has prepared a new and revised edition. The changes are confined to the insertion of an introduction, dealing with the crisis of 1907, and the addition of several new appendices, giving the

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text of various currency bills introduced in Congress last December and January. Why publication of the new edition was not delayed long enough to enable the author to give us the text of the new currency law "right hot from the bat," we are unable to conjecture. Perhaps the omission can be corrected in a "newer" revised edition. Mr. Cleveland believes that our currency system should be reformed, but does not wish to see the Sub-Treasury system abolished and does not favor "permanent issues of banknotes." In the text of the book we observe no material changes from the earlier edition.

With a similar desire to contribute to popular enlightenment Charles A. Conant has performed a noteworthy feat of editorial surgery upon his "Principles of Money and Banking," published in 1905 (Harper & Bros). This consists in bringing out the second volume, which deals with banking, as a new work, entitled "Principles of Banking." In a brief preface Mr. Conant considers the lessons of the crisis, and urges that something be done to remove "the fetters imposed by a defective currency upon American commerce in its contest for supremacy in the world's markets." The volume appears to have been reissued without changes in the plates, and the index contains all the original references to the first volume of the complete work. We think that even in these hard times the needed capital should have been secured for providing a new index.

Ex-Secretary Shaw has brought together a considerable number of his addresses and letters upon public questions in a volume which he entitles "Current Issues" (D. Appleton & Co.). The topics treated range all the way from Imperialism to Youth, but the Tariff and the Currency Problem receive special prominence. Mr. Shaw's views are so well known to the readers of the *Nation*, and have been so often discussed in this journal, that it is unnecessary to present an extended review of "Current Issues." For students of the political thought and movements of the last decade the volume has no little significance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Agnel, L'Abbé G. Arnaud D'. Les Comptes du Roi René. Vol. I. Paris: Picard & Fils.
Atlay, J. B. The Victorian Chancellors. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Baumbach, Rudolf. Der Schwiegersohn. Edited by Otto Heller.
Binns, Henry Bryan. The Great Companions. London: A. C. Fifield.
Boulger, Demetrius C. The Life of Sir Halliday Macartney. Lane. $6.
Chesney, Gen. Sir George. The Dilemma. William Abbatt.
Cleveland, Grover. Good Citizenship. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Cyclopædia of American Agriculture. Edited by L. H. Bailey. Vol. III. Macmillan. $5 net.
Davenport, Charles B. Inheritance in Canaries. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Ernst, Otto Ueberwunden. Edited by James T. Hatfield. Holt.
Freston, Elizabeth Hélène. Poems. Broadway Publishing Co.
Green, W. Curtis. Old Cottages and Farm-Houses in Surrey. New York: William Helburn.
Handbook of Learned Societies and Institutions—America. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hauskins, J. E. A New World. Tacoma, Wash.
Johnson on Shakespeare. Edited by Walter Raleigh. Henry Frowde.
Kampffmeyer, Paul. Changes in the Theory and Tactics of the (German) Social-Democracy. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Kellogg, Vernon L. American Insects. Holt.
Kidd, Benjamin. Individualism and After. Henry Frowde.
Lieneff, Eugénie. The Peasant Songs of Great Russia. London: David Nutt.
Lowenberg, Mrs. I. The Irresistible Current. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.25.
Marx, Karl. Value, Price, and Profit. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Meade, Mrs. L. T. Betty of the Rectory. Grosset & Dunlap. $1.
McCallum, Percival D. Rivulets of Song. Broadway Publishing Co.
Seashore, Carl E. Elementary Experiments in Psychology. Holt.
Sidney, Sir Philip. The Defence of Poesie, etc. Boston: Merrymount Press.
Sue, Eugene. The Branding Needle. Translated by Daniel De Leon. New York Labor and News Co.
Viallate, Achille. La Vie Politique. 1 October, 1906—30 September, 1907. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Whitin, E. Stagg. Factory Legislation in Maine. Longmans.

Messrs. HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY have just reprinted the following standard works on History and Economics:

HALL'S IMMIGRATION: And Its Effects upon the United States; 5th printing. $1.50 net.

GORDY'S POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, Vol. I., (1787-1809); 3rd printing. $1.75 net.

The same, Vol. II. (1809-1828); 2nd printing. $1.75 net.

SEAGER'S INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMICS; 9th printing. $2.25.

DOYLE'S ENGLISH COLONIES, Vol. I. (Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas); 4th printing. $3.50.

The same, Vols. II. & III. (The Puritan Colonies); 4th printing. Each $3.50.

The same, Vol. IV. (The Middle Colonies), and Vol. V. (The Colonies Under the House of Hanover), completing the series, have been published recently. Each $3.50.

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